

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1884.

HISTORIC LONDON.

As I walk about the streets of this most mighty, most wonderful, most unlovely, and yet most memorable of cities, my mind is torn by a tumult of emotions and thoughts. What a record of power and life in those eighteen centuries since the Roman historian spoke of it as "especially famous for the crowd of its merchants and their wares." What a world of associations cling to the very stones, and names, and sites of it still! Can any city show so great an array of buildings and scenes identified with poetry and literature, and with the memories of poets and thinkers, of so high an order? In its parks, in its river, in its matchless group of buildings at Westminster, in the peculiar beauty of some sunset effects, it has still, I think, certain elements of charm which no northern city surpasses. And then, with these superb elements of interest and beauty, what endless tracts of ugliness, squalor, and meanness! What a prison house, or workhouse, is it to some three millions at least of the four millions who dwell here! What a puzzle without hope does it seem, this evergrowing wen, in which we seem to be madly trampling life out of each other as a mob in a panic! And how it maddens one to think that it is within the lifetime of some of us that this extreme monstrosity of bulk has been piled upon our poor city; that but a few years since some of its most memorable and beautiful buildings have been de-

stroyed; that improvements and restoration have wrought their worst under our own eyes. More real ruin has been done to old London within my own memory than in the two centuries which preceded it. More old spots disappear now every ten years than in any century of an earlier time. The Great Fire itself was hardly more destructive than are the railways; and the "boards" are more terrible to such a city than armies of foreign invaders. At times I could almost wish that if the New Zealander is ever to sit on the broken arches of London Bridge and muse upon the ruins of this city, the ruin might take place before London consists of nothing but American hotels, railway stations, and stucco terraces. In a few years London will be only a grimy Chicago, or stuffy New York. The poet will cry again—"Etiam periere ruinae."

Let us put aside the darker, more discouraging side of this strange city; its monotony, its meanness, its horrors, the huge areas of ugliness, and portentous piles of brick and iron which modern ideas of progress have given it. Within this century about a dozen American cities of the fourth class have been dropped down over a large part of the counties of Middlesex and Surrey; and within the same period the river-side has been covered from Putney to Woolwich with some twenty miles of city of the iron and cotton country type. Within twenty

years the river has been crossed and the city pierced by enormous railroads. But all this is not London. Let us think of London as many of us can remember it—a very big city, but neither a county covered with bricks nor a huge terminus; before avenues, American hotels, and mammoth warehouses were invented,

This London, I make bold to say, is of all cities north of the Alps the most rich in local interest. In certain elements of historical interest it surpasses, indeed, Rome itself, Athens, Jerusalem, Venice, or Paris. There is no single spot in London so memorable as the Forum and the Acropolis or the Mount of Olives; none so romantic as the Piazza of San Marco; and Paris has a history almost more fascinating than London. But the historic buildings of Paris have suffered even more than those of London from destruction and restoration. Paris has no Tower, no Westminster Hall, no Temple, and no Guildhall. The history of Venice is at most that of some four or five centuries; that of Jerusalem is made up of broken fragments; that of Athens is but the history of some two centuries. Nay, even the majestic memories of Rome are broken by vast gulfs and blanks; it wants any true continuity, and there is no monumental continuity at all.

Now that which gives London its supreme claim as a historic city is made up of many concurrent qualities. In the first place stands the continuity in the local history of London. To put all probabilities and uncertain origins aside, there is a definite record of London as a city for 1,823 years. During that period there is a history (not more broken than that of England), and a constant succession of local and visible traces. Though London was never a Roman city of the first order, the general scheme of Roman London can still be traced; there is an adequate body of Roman remains; there are Roman bricks in the fragments of the city walls; and

the White Tower stands on the foundations of a Roman bastion. For the thousand years which separate us from the days of Alfred the history of London is complete, and that history can be traced in an almost continuous series of local associations, and for the last eight centuries it exists in an almost regular series of monuments or fragments. Some few of the cities of Europe have an even longer historic record. Some few of them have a more perfect monumental record. But such cities as Treves, Lyons, Milan, or York, obviously belong to the second class of cities, whatever their antiquarian interest. To rank with the four or five great historic cities of the world, we must look to mass, unbroken sequence of local association, and dominant place in the history of the world over a long course of centuries. Marseilles, Florence, Venice, Genoa, Rouen, Cordova and Cologne—even Athens, Naples, Moscow and Prague fail before this test. And of European cities alone can be counted—in the first rank of great historic capitals—Rome, Constantinople, Paris and London.

Now I do not hesitate to say that no one of these surpasses London (I doubt if any one of them equals London) in the degree in which existing buildings, and recognised sites can be identified with history, literature, and the human interest of mankind, in so great a volume and over so vast an unbroken period. Even at Rome all the greater remnants of the ancient world belong to the later empire and the age of decay. The Colosseum, the vastest of the ruins, tells of no great age or man, of nothing but abomination. No great Roman that we know of can be certainly connected with the arch of Constantine, or the baths of Caracalla, or the walls of Aurelian. The very site of the Capitol, the plan of the forum, are disputed. There is hardly a vestige of the city of Coriolanus, of Scipio, and of Julius; hardly any trace of the mediæval church; little

anywhere but the monuments of pride, rapacity, tyranny, and luxury. The same is true of Constantinople in a far greater degree—of almost all the historic cities of the world. This want of continuity is pre-eminently true of Paris. What we see there to-day, the spots that we can verify precisely, are not those of their greatest memories, are not exactly identified with great men; and do not form one immense continuous series. Even Paris has not played, until within three or four centuries, that dominant part in French history, which London has played in the history of England for six or seven centuries. Paris has far fewer records of the feudal ages than London; and it is hopelessly Haussmannised. Nor is old Paris identified as old London is with so great a mass of poetic associations.

London has been, since the Conquest, the real centre of government, of the thought, the growth, the culture and the life of the nation. No other city in Europe has kept that prerogative unbroken for eight centuries until our own day. At the very utmost, Paris has possessed it for not more than four centuries, and in an incomplete manner for at least half of these four. The capitals of Prussia, Austria, Russia and Spain are merely the artificial work of recent ages, and the capitals of Italy and Greece are mere antiquarian revivals. England was centralised earlier than any other European nation; and thus the congeries of towns that we now call London, has formed, from the early days of our monarchy, the essential seat of government, the military head-quarters, the permanent home of the law, the connecting link between England and the Continent, and one of the great centres of the commerce of Europe. Hence it has come about that the life of England has been concentrated on the banks of the Thames more completely and for a longer period, than the life of any great nation has been concentrated in any single modern city. When we add to

that fact the happy circumstance that at least down to the memory of living men, London retained a more complete series of public monuments, a more varied set of local associations, more noble buildings bound up with the memory of more great events and more great men than any single city in Europe (except perhaps Rome itself), we come to the conclusion that London is a city unsurpassed in historic interest.

The true historic spirit, I hold, looks on the history, at least of Europe, as a living whole, and as a complete organic life. I know it is the fashion to pick and choose epochs as supreme, to back races as favourites, to find intense beauty here and utter abomination there. But the real historic interest lies in the succession of all the ages, in the variety, the mass, the human vitality of the record. Now the peculiar glory of London is to possess this local monumental record in a more complete and continuous way than any city perhaps in Europe. We can trace it when the Fort of the Lake, the original Llyn-din, was one of two or three knolls rising out of fens, salt estuaries and tidal swamps. We can make out the plan of the Roman city; we have still the Roman milestone, fragments of Roman walls and of Roman houses, and the line of Roman streets. From thence to the Conquest we can identify the sites of a series of buildings civil and ecclesiastical, and have scores of local names which remain to this day. From the eleventh century downwards we have a continuous series of remains in the foundations of the Abbey, in the White Tower, in the Temple Church, St. Bartholomew's, St. Saviour's, and the other city churches; and so all through the Feudal period we have some record in the Tower, the Guildhall, the magnificent group of buildings at Westminster, the remnants of the Savoy, Crosby Hall, and Lambeth Palace. Of the Tudor and Jacobean age, we have seen the tower gateways of St. James's, of Lincoln's

Inn, and St. John's, Clerkenwell, the Middle Temple Hall, the banqueting hall at Whitehall, Holland House, many of the halls of city companies and of lawyers, old Northumberland House, Fulham Palace, and many a house and tavern frequented by the poets, wits, and statesmen of the seventeenth century. Thence, from the fire downwards, the record is complete and ample, with St. Paul's and the other churches of Wren, Temple Bar, and the Monument, and scores of houses and buildings which are identified with the literature, the statesmanship, and the movement of the eighteenth century from Newton and Dryden down to Byron and Lamb.

There is no city in the world (not Rome or Athens itself) which has been inhabited, and loved, and celebrated by so glorious a roll of poets extending over so long a period. Through all the five centuries from the days of Chaucer and Longland to our own time, a succession of poets and thinkers have lived in London, have spoken of its aspect, and can be traced to this day in their homes and haunts. We can follow Chaucer, and Piers Ploughman, and Froissart, and Caxton, More, and Bacon, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson and Milton, Raleigh and Cromwell, Pope and Dryden, Newton and Wren, Addison, Swift, Goldsmith and Johnson, Chatham and Burke; we can look on the houses they dwelt in, on the scenes they frequented, see what they saw, and stand where they trod. The London of Shakespeare alone would fill a volume with the history of the localities where he can be traced, the buildings which he describes, and the local colour which warms so many of his dramas. If we gather up in memory all the scenes that he paints in the Tower, in the city, on the river, in the Abbey or the abbot's house, in the Jerusalem room, in the Temple gardens, in Crosby Hall, in Guildhall, and remember that *Twelfth Night* was performed in the Middle Temple Hall as we have it, we shall get some notion of the stamp which the genius of the

greatest of poets has set upon the stones of the greatest of cities.

Next to Shakespeare himself comes Milton, a more thorough Londoner, and whose many homes, birthplace, and burial-place, we have or lately had. So, too, Dryden, Pope, Handel, Addison, Goldsmith, Burke, Garrick, Hogarth, Reynolds, Turner, Byron, Lamb, Dickens, Thackeray, and De Quincey—strike out of our literature, our history, our law, our art, all that is locally associated with definite spots of London, London sights, London life, and London monuments, and the gap would be huge.

The features of London are themselves so vast, their local history is so rich, that they each have a history of their own. No city in Europe possesses a river like the Thames with its leagues of historic buildings along its course, its mighty ports, and bridges, and docks; nor have the Rhine, or the Tiber, a closer association with poetry, literature, and art. Our history and our literature abound with memories of the river. Nor has any city of Europe so great an array of parks associated as much with poetry, literature, and art, each with a long history, and endless traditions of its own. The parks of Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, or New York are modern pleasure grounds of yesterday without the secular avenues, the ancient names, and the famous sites of ours.

In influence upon art, no one would compare the Seine with the Thames, or in immemorial charm contrast Longchamps with Kensington Gardens. In no capital in the world can we find a fortress such as the Tower, so ancient, so vast, so rich in centuries of historic memories, and so closely allied with splendid poetry. No other city possesses two such cathedrals as the Abbey and St. Paul's, each in the front rank of their respective forms of art, and both consecrated by an immense army of buried worthies and historic scenes.

How comes it that our city which has, in five or six of the elements of a

great historic capital, qualities so supreme; which possesses the most venerable cathedral, the most historic castle, the most famous hall which still remain upon the earth; which has most noble remnants of all forms of Gothic art, both civil and religious, of all forms of Tudor art, of the classical Renaissance, and of the modern rococo art; a city whose monuments and localities are enshrined in ten thousand pages of our literature; where we can even yet trace the footsteps of the larger half of all our famous men; a city where in a summer's day you may pass across the record of eighteen centuries in stone, or in name, or in plan—how comes it that this city which has been the stage for so large a part of English history, and the delight of so glorious a roll of English genius—is to some of us a place of weariness and gloom?

It is only, I think, within this nineteenth century that London has ceased to be loved and honoured. As I walk about its streets, and try to forget the monotonous range of stucco palaces and dismal streets we see, and recall the look of it when silver Thames flowed between gardens, towers, and spires, the music of a hundred lines is wont to ring in my ears. I fancy I can see the pilgrims setting forth from the "Tabard" in Southwark, or with Shakespeare

"Stand in Temple Gardens, and behold,
London herself on her proud stream afloat,"

and walk about with old Stow, or visit the tombs with Sir Roger, or so musing I go and see Goldie's grave, and Johnson's house in Gough Square, and the fountain in the Temple dear to Lamb, to Dickens, and to Thackeray.

London within this century has grown to be four times what it was at the end of the last century; and perhaps it is this portentous bulk which prevents us from seeing, or knowing, London at all. We cannot be persuaded that our city still possesses works of incomparable beauty and

historic interest, and that the mass and sequence of them, and their literary associations have hardly any equal in the world. We undervalue our city when we talk so continually of its smoke, its horrors, and its ugliness. Historic interest is not the same thing as artistic beauty; and picturesque elements may still manage to survive in a wilderness of grimy brick. London is not one, but ten or twelve great cities; it is the only city in the world, which is at once the centre of a vast empire, the port of the commerce of the world, the seat of the finance of the world, the home of the oldest monarchy, of the oldest parliament, and some of the oldest foundations, religious, legal, and municipal to be found in Europe. Though it has no palaces to compare with those of Paris, it has fragments of palaces even older, and parks which have even more beauty, and as much historic interest as palaces. As the Thames is a commercial port which has no rival but the Mersey, as London is a larger manufacturing centre than Birmingham or Leeds, as the historic buildings of London are in foundation, at least, older than those of Florence, Venice, or Pisa, as its parks exceed in varied beauty any other open spaces in Europe, London has over and above its huge and melancholy bulk, at least four elements, each one of which would make a city of the first class.

There are in London three great buildings, or groups of buildings, which, in their combination of artistic and historic interest, are absolutely without a rival in Europe. These, of course, are the Tower, the Abbey and its surroundings, and Westminster Hall and the other remnants of the Old Palace. If to these we were to add two other buildings of a very different kind, I mean the Temple and Holland House, we have those buildings, of all others, it may be, in Europe of a private, and not a public, kind, where rare beauty is to be found in connection with an immense record

of association with literature and with history.

Each of the three great monuments is of its kind amongst the noblest in the world; each of them has been for centuries an organ of our national life. That life has never been interrupted in any of them. They still survive in all their essential character. They still belong to the dynasty which built them, and they still serve the uses for which they were originally designed. They are all associated with our history and our literature as hardly any buildings now extant are. In their combination, in the continuity of their record, and in their own separate interest, they give London a character which no living city in the world retains.

Of the three buildings, the Tower is the oldest and, in some ways, the most unique. It shares with the castles of Windsor, Avignon, the Palazzo Vecchio, and the Kremlin the rare peculiarity of being a mediæval fortress of the first class which has not become a ruin or a fragment. But the Tower in its central part is far older than them all. The races which built the Kremlin and the minarets on the Bosphorus were wandering robbers and herdsmen when the White Tower was the home of the most powerful kings in Europe. And as to the Vatican, the Escorial, and the Louvre, much in the stirring tale of the Tower was ancient history before the foundations of these palaces were laid. The White Tower has an authentic history of more than 800 years, and there is every reason to believe that beneath and around it are still remains of the Roman fortification of Londinium. But for the eight centuries of its certain history, the White Tower has guarded the symbols of our national power. The descendant of the Conqueror still holds it for the same uses. When the White Tower first rose over the Thames, the nations we now call France, Germany, Austria, Spain, and Russia did not exist as nations at all. And now, when the Bastille of Paris has disap-

peared for almost a century, and the republics which built the palaces of Florence, and Venice, and Ghent, and Bruges have been extinct for centuries, the Tower of the Normans has continued after them as long as it existed before them. It is neither a ruin, nor a museum, nor a site. It is still in the nineteenth century what it was in the eleventh—the central fortress of the kingdom which the Normans founded; it still guards the crown of Alfred, the Confessor, the Conqueror; it is still a martial camp, and guard to this day is changed day and night in the name of the descendant of King Wilhelm. And its towers recall more passages in the history and the poetry of our nation than perhaps any other building in the world records those of any other nation.

It may be that the Tower is modernised to the eye by wanton and stupid restoration. It is quite true that in magnificence and pictorial charm it cannot compare with Carcassonne, Loches, the Kremlin, or the Palazzo Vecchio. But the old stones in the Tower behind the wretched rubble facing, and the old bloodstained mould beneath the encaustic tiles of St. Peter's are just as real as ever. The Tower is only modernised skin-deep; and in some ways it is far more truly interesting to the historic eye, because it is not a mere picturesque ruin, a long-abandoned pile. Its very modern air is, in one sense, its surprising feature. It looks almost a recent work, because it has never ceased to be used for the end for which it was designed. It may be doubted if any civil building in the world has so long a continuous history. There are tombs and churches of twice its age; there are ruined castles and walls of far greater antiquity. Priests say mass in the baths of Diocletian; the tomb of Hadrian is converted into a fortress; the square temple of Ne-mausus is a picture-gallery; and bulls are baited in the amphitheatre of Arles. But the Tower is the only civil edifice remaining in the world which

has stood for eight centuries serving the same dynasty and the same national life, in unbroken continuity of service; and in those eight centuries it has known no period of degradation or decay, but rather has witnessed a splendid series of great men and memorable deeds.

The Tower is by no means the mere collection of armouries, dungeons, and torture-chambers that the casual sight-seer thinks it. Its true historical character is that of seat of our early government, residence of the kings, and head-quarters of their forces. It is palace, fortress, council-hall, and treasure-house quite as much as prison. Indeed it is only a prison because it is a strong place. For five centuries, from the days of the first Normans to that of the last Tudor, it was from time to time the official residence of our kings, and hence the scene of much of our political history. Plantagenets and Tudors have all inhabited it; for nearly three centuries our kings started from it on their coronation ceremony. Two kings, four queens, and many princes and princesses died there. Many have been born there, and two, as we know, were buried in its walls. Its two churches, the Norman St. John's, and the late-pointed St. Peter's, are both amongst the most historic and touching of the monuments which the Middle Ages have left us. There is hardly any other building in Europe, and certainly none in England, of which it can be certainly said, as it can of St. John's Church in the White Tower, that it stands to-day (but for some wanton and foolish scraping) much as it was in the days of our Norman and Angevin kings, when there were gathered in it the men who first fashioned the map of Europe. Of St. Peter's-on-the-Green it may be said that the Abbey itself has no such pathos. Beneath that floor and beside those walls, which ecclesiologic childishness has pranked out with trumpety restorations, there moulder the headless bones of men and women whose

passion, pride, crimes, or sufferings fill the annals and the poetry of our race.

In this matter there is surely one protest to make, one appeal to urge. The Tower is beyond all question the most historic feudal relic now extant in Europe. It contains almost the only chambers of the early middle ages to which we can assign any definite history, and point as the actual dwelling-place of historical persons. Some of the most important of these, and the prisons of Elizabeth, and Raleigh, and More, and Lady Jane Grey, are practically closed to the public. The fact that the Tower still contains a considerable population and some scores of families is a great danger to its safety, degrades and vulgarises it, and excludes the public from the use of it. The Tower should be entirely cleared of all inhabitants except the necessary force of soldiers, and the warders in their old Tudor uniform. The place should be protected against fire as carefully as the Record Office or the British Museum; mere rubbish and modern carpentry should be cleared away, and the old stones left bare without Brummagem "restorations."

In the Abbey, Englishmen have a building which has become to them the typical shrine of their history and national glory, which fires the imagination and makes their heart throb, as no extant building in Europe affects any other people. To some degree the Kremlin exerts the same spell over the Russian; but the *genius loci* is less concentrated, it is incomparably lower and coarser in its power, and has a far less ancient and splendid record. France has no such monumental centre of its national memory; nor has Italy, nor Germany, nor Spain. But the Abbey is still to Englishmen all that the Temple of Solomon was to the Hebrew, and the tomb of the Prophet to the Arab, and the shrines of Olympia to the Greek, or that of Jupiter on the Capitol to the Roman; and not to Englishmen

only, but to some sixty millions of English-speaking people in so many parts of this planet. To all of them the Abbey is grown to be a glorified Kaaba, a splendid and poetic Fetish in stone, which seems to them the emblem of our English spirit and the resting-place of whatever England has ever held most venerable. It is no longer church, no longer cemetery—the tombs and the throne of kings are but part of its possession; no museum holds things so precious; no historical building has so vast a record of associations. Its very name has passed into our language as the synonym for national honour. St. Denis is to-day a whited sepulchre, where spruce revivalism is still scraping and bedecking in loathsome gaudiness the empty and ruined tombs. Rheims, too, once even more beautiful than the Abbey, is being scraped and trimmed like an American corpse prepared by the embalmers for the undertaker's show. Its historical memories have little power over modern Frenchmen. The magic and the mystery have left Notre Dame; the Campo Santo of Pisa, and the Duomo of Florence or of Venice are not national at all, but provincial; and the Cathedral of Cologne is an academic product of German Geist and Teutonic Kunst. But the Abbey is a building which has an inimitable power over the imaginations and the sympathies of a great race.

The Abbey is so vast a pile, and its associations are so far-reaching, that like London itself we fail to grasp its dignity as a whole. It is not one building, but a great assemblage of buildings, each one of which has a story that would put it in the front of the secular monuments of Europe. With its history that reaches back for eleven centuries, and with remains still visible which go back to the Confessor, it is one of the oldest foundations in England, and one of the most perfect remnants of pure mediæval work. Since the walls that we see rest in part on foundations

anterior to the Conquest, and the history of the church has been unbroken since the time of the Confessor, we may properly speak of the Abbey as one and the same monument. In that sense no church in the world can show so long a succession of historical scenes. It is possible, but doubtful, that some other mediæval work has an equal assemblage of various groups of beauty; but none other, assuredly, has such inexhaustible sources of interest and pathos. How they crowd on the memory at once! The tombs of saints which have become shrines and pilgrimages; the long succession of ceremonials of state, coronations, marriages, funerals, and national manifestations of joy and grief; the rows of tombs from the majestic simplicity of that of the first great Edward; the helmet and saddle of Henry; the exquisite art of Henry Tudor's, and the desecrated vault where Cromwell lay; the historic throne, and the legendary stone—

"The base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair."

"The monumental sword that conquer'd France," the shield of state, the banners and helmets over the tombs, the quaint history of the Order of the Bath with its five centuries of fantastic mediævalism, the rare and suggestive paintings on the walls, the vast city of tombs and monuments—philosophers, artists, statesmen, soldiers—the scenes of Shakespeare which every corner of it recalls, the memorable passages in history, the exquisite prattle of Sir Roger, the talk of Johnson and Goldsmith, the wit of Pope, the verses of Wordsworth and Scott, the prose of Irving and Lamb—the echo of a thousand pages in our literature and our history—all these make up a charm which in mass and in beauty invest no other building in the world.

I am not myself very greatly interested in public ceremonials, as such,

be they royal coronations or the burial of celebrities, and I leave it to heralds and courtiers and newsmen to gloat over these things as they please. Nor do I care overmuch about mediæval saints. But the historic spirit cannot forget that the annals of the Abbey have a very different significance. In these various occasions of public ceremonial there took part, we may remember, all the men recorded in our history—the statesmen, the soldiers, the lawyers, the poets, the men of every department of greatness. All of these from time to time for eight centuries have been gathered in that building to open or to close a new reign or a new dynasty, to celebrate some national festival, to bury some national hero, to muse upon the relics of the past, to weep over the body of some inimitable genius as the thrice-sacred dust was piled upon the dust of him they had loved. Yes! there is no building in the world where human sympathy has poured forth in such torrents, in ways so great and various, and over so vast an epoch of time.

The Abbey, as I say, is not one building, but an assemblage of buildings; and each one has a history of itself. The remnants of the old Benedictine Abbey are in themselves extraordinarily beautiful, and charged with memories and associations. The conventual edifices still left in Europe undestroyed and undesecrated are not so many but what these stand in the front rank. The Cloisters, the Abbot's House, and the Refectory, the Muniment Room, the Chapel of the Pyx, the Jewel House, the room called Jerusalem, the remnants of the other abbey buildings, and above all the Chapter House, are so rich in associations with our history, our poetry, and our literature, that if they existed alone in any foreign city, we should make special journeys to see them. What a history in the five centuries of "Jerusalem" alone, which is perhaps the most venerable private chamber now extant in

Europe. But of all these relics of the past surely the Chapter House is supreme. Built 630 years ago in the zenith of the pointed style, it is one of the most exquisite examples of its class. Here six centuries ago, from the day when the House of Commons existed as a separate chamber, it met and continued for the most part to meet for nearly three centuries till the death of Henry VIII. Here was matured the infant strength of that Parliament which now rules 300,000,000 of souls, and which has served as the undoubted model of all the parliaments of Europe, America, and Australia. This house is in fact the germ and origin of all that is known as the "House" where the English tongue is heard; it is the true cradle of the mother of parliaments, where that mother was nursed into childhood. For two centuries and a half it has been the school of English statesmen, and has witnessed some memorable struggles of our feudal history. I never enter it but I think what were the feelings of a Roman of the age of the Antonines, who, standing on the hill of Romulus looked down on the Rostra beneath, and thought of the days when Licinius and Valerius, Virginius and Camillus addressed a few hundreds of herdsmen and farmers, and Rome was but a hill fort by the Tiber, and the Republic was but one of the tribes of Italy.

If with this Chapter House by the Abbey we take in with our mind's eye the remnant of St. Stephen's Chapel close by, and are willing to think of that exquisite fragment as standing for the chapel itself, we get, in the two together, the seat of the House of Commons for nearly five centuries and a half, from Edward I. to our own memory. I doubt if any buildings still extant convey to any people in the world so great a suggestion of the course of their whole political history. And of the crimes which architecture has wrought on history, the most unpardonable, I think, was done when the monotonous

heap of bad masonry which they call the New Palace of Westminster disguised Westminster Hall, decked out St. Stephen's crypt like a toy Bambino in a Jesuit church, and swept away the burnt ruins of the Plantagenet palace—to make Tudor corridors and symmetrical galleries for the comfort of my lords and honourable members.

Of the Hall of Westminster, the third of the matchless remnants of Old London, I can hardly bear to speak. Though it is not, as we see it, the hall of Rufus, still it stands upon and represents the hall of Rufus, and is thus in a sense as ancient almost as the Tower or the Abbey. But call it what it is, the Hall of Richard II., what a history lies wrapt in those five hundred years. It stands still, to my eyes, the grandest hall of its class in Europe. Let us forget the silly statues, and the strange transformation of it, and the carpenter's Gothic restorations, and be insensible to everything but its mass, its dignity, its glorious roof, and its inexhaustible memories. Centuries of court pageants and state trials, speeches, and judgments of famous men, scenes and sayings which are embedded in our literature; let us think of the tragedies, the agonies, the crimes, the passions, the terrific crises in our history; of what glorious words, what gatherings of learning, wit, beauty, ambition, and despair have the old walls witnessed from Oldcastle to Warren Hastings, Sir Thomas More and the Protector Somerset, Strafford and Charles, the Seven Bishops and the great Proconsul. Of all trials in our history, those two of Charles and of Hastings have perhaps most exerted the historic imagination, by the intense passion with which they aroused the interest of the nation, by their concentration of historic characters round one great issue, by the dignity and world-wide importance of the proceedings, and by the place that they hold in our national literature. I ask myself sometimes which I would rather have beheld, the

faultless dignity of Charles in presence of the mighty Cromwell, or the molten passion of Burke in the assembly of all that was famous in the nation, and I find it impossible to decide. And when we add to these memories all the other scenes the Hall has witnessed, the great judges who have sat there and built up the slow growth of English law, unrivalled in the modern world, the illustrious lawyers who have argued, the memorable decisions that it has heard, it is beyond doubt the most historic hall in the world.

We, then, who have in these three incomparable relics the most historic castle, the most venerable church and burial place, the most memorable hall of justice now extant on the earth, are even thereby citizens of no mean city. Neither the pall of smoke, nor the defilement of our noble river, nor the weary wilderness of brick and plaster, nor the hideous abominations of shed, viaduct, and caravanserai which the steam devil has brought with him—nothing but our own folly can destroy the historic grandeur of London. Nor is it wholly in memory that its glories live. There is still something for the eye. As I watch some autumn sunset through the groves of Kensington that the great William of Orange so loved, or across the reaches of Chelsea that Turner so loved; as I watch the Pool from the Tower terrace, and the ducks and the children at play in the park of Charles; as I prow about the remnants of the old Gothic churches in the city which the Fire has spared, and which the blighting hand of the improver has forgot to destroy; as I sit by the fountain in the Temple, or listen to the rooks in Lincoln's Inn; as I grub up some quaint old fragment of a street, or a tavern, or a house, or a shop, or tomb, or burial-ground, which has still survived in the deluge; as I stray through the multitudinous windings of the city, and out of the old names rebuild again as in a vision the city of the Romans, and of Alfred, and of the Conqueror, of the Fitz-Aylwins,

and the Bukerels, and the Poulteneyes, the Whittingtons, the Walworths, and the Greshams; as I see the golden cross of Wren rising out of a white October fog into the sunlit blue, I say that there is yet something left for the eye as well as so much for the memory. And what a pang does it give us to think that it is doomed. Bit by bit the old London sinks before our eyes into the gulf of modern improvement, or the monkey-like tricks of the restorer. We who have lived to see the remnants of St. Stephen's carted away, and a mammoth caravanserai take the place of Northumberland House, the last link of modern Charing Cross with the Charing Cross before the Commonwealth; we who have seen the tavern dear to Shakespeare and Ben Jonson disappear, and the houses of Milton go and leave not a wrack behind; who have seen the "Tabard" and the "George" disappear, and the Savoy and the Watergate swallowed up in the torrent—we must brace ourselves up for the rest. Villas will soon cover the site of Holland House. The Temple will be wanted for a new restaurant. The

Underground Railway will pull down the Abbey to make some new "blow-holes," and a limited company will start a new "Hotel de la Tour de Londres" on the site of the Tower. It is melancholy to think that the stones which eight centuries of national history have raised, that the roofs which have rung with the mirth of Shakespeare and the organ of Milton, on which such beauty has been lavished and where so much genius has been reared, are to be swept away in a few years.

It is eighty-two years since our great poet of nature cried as he looked from Westminster Bridge in the dawn—

"Earth has not anything to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty."

No poet could say it now; no poet will ever say it again. But they cannot rob us of memory. And let us who care for our national glory at least cherish the story of these sites when the very stones are gone. That will always be "most touching in its majesty."

FREDERIC HARRISON

A VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA FOR HEALTH.

It is becoming such a common thing with English doctors to recommend a long sea-voyage to their patients, that no apology is needed from one who has tried the prescription for relating his experience. Well or ill told, it must have interest for a large number of readers.

It is a serious remedy, and for that very reason its probable effects are almost certain to be over-estimated. People in bad health are naturally inclined to think that some great effort of this kind, involving sacrifices of money, time, and comfort, is more likely than anything to bring about a radical cure. A word of caution is all the more necessary, for the venture is not one to be made hastily and without due consideration both of its own peculiar drawbacks, and of the circumstances of each particular case. Promising as it may seem to be in itself, it is often necessary to take account of some special obstacle to its complete success. On the other hand, if a voyage is to be taken at all, it should be in the earliest stages of disease; and a more or less complete disappointment is the certain result of deferring the evil day until a sea-voyage is thought to be "the only chance."

It must be borne in mind that as much responsibility rests with the patient as with the doctor. The latter recommends what, from his point of view, is likely to do his patient the most good. He has neither the time nor the opportunity to enter into the special circumstances of each case. It is for the patient to consider whether or not they are at all likely to hinder the end in view. His pecuniary resources, his like or dislike for travelling, his ability to endure with cheerfulness the monotony of a sea-life, especially if he is to

be dependent upon the society into which he may be thrown on board ship, may be mentioned as circumstances that will contribute largely to the success or failure of his journey. In my own case the conditions were altogether favourable. I went to Australia in the company of my wife, in one of the largest and best passenger ships, at the best season of the year, and among a large number of fellow-passengers we were fortunate enough to meet with several congenial companions.

It is not my purpose to describe the events of a sea-voyage, or to give a detailed account of life on board ship. To all who are interested in the subject, I cannot do better than recommend the excellent handbook of Dr. Wilson, *The Ocean as a Health Resort*, from which full and reliable information may be obtained.¹

It is supposed by many that the climate of the ocean between England and Australia is pretty nearly all in favour of the invalid. This is far from being the case. A very trying part of the voyage is the season of hot weather that sets in within about a fortnight after leaving the Channel, lasting perhaps a month. The warmth is pleasant enough at first; but, as it

¹ To one detail of ship-life I must call attention here, both on account of its importance and because I have not seen it noticed elsewhere. I would strongly recommend any one who is not in a position to secure a whole cabin to himself to exercise caution as to the fellow-passenger with whom he consents to share it. I have seen men condemned through a long voyage to the most uncongenial and even offensive companionships, to their constant annoyance and disgust. But there is a yet more important reason for this caution. It must be very undesirable for any one to share the small space of a ship's cabin with a consumptive patient, especially so for one who is in any degree a fellow-sufferer.

increases it becomes enervating, and we nearly all found, while passing through the tropics, that we were steadily losing weight. Bad coughs became worse, and the real invalids began to despond. Again, the rapid transition from the heat of the tropics to the cold of the Southern Ocean is severely felt by all who are sensitive to sudden changes of temperature; and, although it is during the colder part of the voyage that the greatest improvement in health may be expected, it is a time when very great care to avoid chills is necessary. There were several cases of hæmorrhage, pleurisy, and other forms of inflammation among the passengers at this period. We did not at any time go below 40° S. lat.; but at this latitude the weather was very cold, and it was impossible to remain on deck, even on days of bright sunshine, except while taking vigorous exercise. Ships going to Australia often proceed to 45° or 47° S. lat. when the sufferings and risks of invalid passengers are necessarily very much aggravated.

Physicians would do well to warn their patients against the folly of taking liberties with their health at sea. It is true that colds are not so easily caught as they are on land; but, even at sea, cold-bathing on deck in the early morning must be injurious for any but those who are in comparatively strong health. I noticed this in more than one instance; in one particularly of a young man, otherwise likely to have made some real improvement, who injured himself fatally by his imprudence in this respect. Another common and very fertile source of injury is violent exercise in climbing the rigging, in games, and other athletics.

The results of our voyage were not in any case of that sensational kind that has often been described. I have heard many stories of persons carried on board ship in an almost dying condition, who have arrived in Australia, if not perfectly restored to health, at least far on the way to

recovery. No such happy results came under my notice; indeed, there was a general feeling of disappointment among us at the apparent failure of the voyage. Out of seventy-five saloon passengers upwards of forty were travelling for their health. For several of these the chance of recovery, under any treatment, was so slender, that it would have been far better had they remained to enjoy home comforts and the society of their friends to the last. The custom of sending invalids to sea in an advanced stage of disease cannot be too strongly deprecated; and in this I am certain that all who know what sea-life really is, will agree with me. My own case was one of chest disease, at an early stage, attended with great general debility. I certainly felt better at sea than I had done for some time previously; but I cannot trace to the voyage any permanent benefit, either local or general.

Before returning to England I spent nearly nine months in Australia, so that I am not in a position to offer any opinion as to the merits of a voyage out and home, for the sake of the voyage only. Whether it is desirable to return at once, or to remain for a time in the hot, dry climate of Australia, is, of course, a question for the decision of a medical man in each individual case.

Nothing could have been more disappointing than the weather that greeted our arrival in Melbourne. We had come some thirteen thousand miles in search of warmth and sunshine, and reached Australia in mid-summer to find very much the same weather as we had left behind in England—gloom, rain, and cold winds. "A beautiful season," we were told, "plenty of rain," which, to English ears, sounded the reverse of encouraging. However, this did not last long; and it was not many weeks before we could fully appreciate the beauty of a cloudy day, and were longing for rain as earnestly as any one. For persons

with weak chests I think the climate of Melbourne must be one of the most trying in the world. Mornings of bright, hot sunshine, with scorching wind, change within a very few hours to afternoons of really biting cold, when the strongest are thankful for ulsters or sealskin jackets. Upon the hottest days it is a common thing to see people carrying heavy coats or rugs, in anticipation of the sudden change that may occur. The whole of the southern coast of Australia and a considerable margin of country inland is, so far as I was able to learn, subject to like alternations of temperature. Very little is known in England, even among medical men, of the climate of the Australian colonies, or rather, I should say, of their many different climates. Persons coming out for their health seem very generally under the impression that they have but to reach the shores of Australia to find a climate ready made to suit their particular ailments. This is a great mistake as regards consumptive patients; and I will go so far as to say that, in the majority of cases, they will find themselves, on first landing, in a climate less suitable to them than that of the south coast of England. The climate of the Australian coast has been proved for the most part to be unfavourable. With the invalid's arrival his difficulties and hardships really begin. He is a good deal disappointed, it may be, with the effect of his long sea voyage, from which he had been led to expect so much, and finds at once that to get real benefit from a residence in Australia he must set out upon a fatiguing and expensive journey by land. Where he is to go, and where to live when he gets there, will be questions of very serious difficulty. Lodgings, such as we know them in England, are not to be met with. The choice of accommodation lies between boarding-houses and the so-called hotels, which are often little better than a common public-house; and, except in the neighbourhood of the largest towns, visitors

must depend entirely upon the latter. Any one who has made acquaintance with a Bush hotel would be slow to recommend it as a residence, even to a man in health, and would certainly advise an invalid by all means to avoid it. Practically speaking, it comes to this, that, except for those who are so fortunate as to have friends living in the interior in a favourable locality, Australia is not a suitable resort for invalids at all. I had it from a medical man, practising in one of the large cities, that, out of hundreds of persons with weak lungs who had consulted him during a period of twenty-five years, not one of those who remained on the coast had materially improved in health. His advice to all who, from want of means, want of friends, or want of strength were unable to proceed to the interior, was to return to England as soon as possible.

It had been our intention to spend the summer in Tasmania; but as the season seemed likely to be a cool and rainy one, the physician whom I consulted in Melbourne dissuaded me from going there. I cannot, therefore, give any certain information as to the Tasmanian climate. What I heard about it from others makes me think it must be very much more like our own than is generally supposed in England. An additional drawback to consumptive patients is the daily fall of temperature that takes place in the early part of the afternoon. This is especially felt at Hobart and near the south coast generally. During the summer Hobart is crowded with visitors from all the other colonies, and it is then a matter of the greatest difficulty to secure accommodation of any sort. My doctor told me that, for this reason alone, he could never recommend invalids to go there, unless they had friends ready to receive them.

While staying at Melbourne I busied myself with making inquiries as to a suitable resting-place for two or three months in Victoria or New South Wales; not with very great success. Trustworthy information, as to the

climate of any particular locality, I found it hard to obtain. This is especially the case when inquiries are made in one colony about the features of another. At length, with the concurrence of Dr. —, we determined to make a trial of Albury in the Riverina, on the borders of New South Wales, seven hours from Melbourne by railway. We found it a clean and pleasant little town, prettily situated on the banks of the Murray, and surrounded by ranges of hills. We were so fortunate as to secure comfortable accommodation with board in a private house; and as, during the first three weeks of our stay, we enjoyed pleasant summer weather, we made up our minds to remain at Albury during the two months that must elapse before we could start for Queensland, where we had been invited to spend six months in the cooler part of the year. We did not long enjoy the pleasant weather I have spoken of. About the middle of January it became very hot—the thermometer for some days standing at over 100° in the shade (once as high as 104°) during the day, and at 90° in the house at night. It was considered a “cool summer,” in Albury—110°, for a week together, being, by no means, exceptional. From this heat, however, we could see no escape. We could not hear of any place where we should be likely to find cooler weather without encountering, at the same time, the cold southerly breezes and changeable climate that had proved so trying to me in Melbourne. Besides that, we were reluctant to leave our comfortable quarters. For equable weather and continuous warmth I had been pining for many months; but I had not anticipated heat like this, nor could I have believed it would prove so rapidly enervating as it did. I would strongly recommend Sydney, rather than Melbourne, as a starting-point, except for those who intend to visit Tasmania. Sydney is within reach of localities more suited to the invalid than any he is likely to hear of in

Victoria. It offers a more favourable climate than Melbourne for a temporary residence, and possesses great advantages in the many beautiful excursions, both by land and by water, that are to be made in its neighbourhood.

Towards the end of February we started for Queensland, and arrived at our friend's station “on the Barcoo” in the middle of March. Our route was from Albury to Sydney by railway, sixteen hours, a voyage of five days by steamer to Rockhampton, after which another day's railway journey brought us within two hundred and seventy miles of our destination—a distance to be covered by two days of coach travelling, and as many more in a “buggy.”

A journey of nearly three weeks, with a rest of two or three days here and there, would be a formidable undertaking to a person in bad health, even in England. It is a much more serious business in Australia, especially when it extends beyond the railways. To rise at four o'clock each morning, and to be jolted about in a coach for fourteen or fifteen hours, along the roughest and, at times, almost impassable roads, under a blazing sun and enveloped in clouds of dust, is enough to try the endurance of the strongest; which is further tested by the coarse fare and bare accommodation of the roadside huts. Nor was there anything in the aspect of the country in the parts of Australia through which I travelled, to relieve the tedium of the way. The eye was wearied day after day by a dreary and monotonous waste of dried grass, sand, and scrub. A sudden fall of rain may delay the coach for hours, perhaps for days; and as it is all that five horses can do to drag coach and luggage through the mud, the passengers must get on as best they can upon their legs. Happily, of this last misfortune we had no actual experience; but it is a danger from which the traveller is never quite free, and the fear of it was always in our minds.

The shorter stages made in our friend's conveyance were less exhausting, but even a station buggy is not the most luxurious vehicle in the world. It took me fully a month to get over the effects of my journey, if, indeed, I have ever done so. Yet, it was to Queensland, and to this particular district of Queensland, that I had been specially recommended to come; and we had travelled in the easiest way possible. A great disappointment was in store for us. We had been led to understand that the heat would be over by the end of March, and that we might look forward, after that, to five or six months of really pleasant and refreshing weather. *In fact*, great heat lasted till the beginning of May, and we found that "the winter" extended over something less than three months, during which a week or ten days of really cool weather—say from 65° to 75° in the shade at noon—might be expected at intervals. It is fair to say that the winter we spent in Queensland was said to have been an unusually "mild" one.

An Englishman is entitled to use the expression "great heat" of a temperature of 98° in the shade, though probably a resident in Queensland would speak of it differently. It should be remembered that heat and cold are only relative terms, the use of which conveys very different ideas to different persons. It is of the greatest importance, in making inquiries about climate, to know accurately in what sense the words are used, and to obtain the readings of the thermometer at different seasons. I have often heard the words "pleasantly cool" applied to days which I could only describe as "exhaustingly hot."

An opinion prevails now that the western downs of Queensland are highly favourable for consumptive patients; but I very much question its accuracy. In some cases, where the general strength is only slightly impaired, it is possible that the light,

dry air of these districts may do good; but for persons who are really in weak health the intense heat must be extremely enervating. There is nothing sufficiently bracing in the climate of the winter months to compensate for the severity of the summer. But it would be folly to go for the winter only, as nothing but a stay of many months could possibly compensate for the necessary journey.

Before the end of the hot weather I was convinced that it would be unsafe for me to remain through a second summer in Australia; and, being quite unfit for the discomforts of a journey to Tasmania, we determined, as soon as the winter was over, to make for England by the shortest possible route. Accordingly, at the beginning of August we started from Queensland. We reached Sydney on the 27th of that month, and left by steamer for England on the 31st, arriving at Plymouth on the 20th October.

Through the kindness of our friends, in placing at our disposal a suitable conveyance, relays of horses and two of their most careful men as drivers, the fatigues of our land journey were mitigated. But kind wishes could not improve the miserable accommodation on the road, nor make five days in an Australian steamer anything but tedious and disagreeable. Many will think that to return to England in October was unwise; but the result in my case has justified the conviction that, with proper care taken, a winter here would prove less injurious than the exhausting heat of an Australian summer.

It will be seen from the foregoing pages that my journey to Australia ended in disappointment. I returned to England in a very much worse state of health than I left it. I am not aware that this result has unduly coloured the expressions I have used. It certainly does not affect the main facts of my story. I have endeavoured to give a true account of what came under my own observation; and I am

most anxious that my readers should use every means to verify my facts for themselves, before putting them to the test of personal experience.

I am far from denying the good effects, in certain cases, both of the sea-voyage and of residence in Australia; but I think the number of such cases is greatly exaggerated, and that the remedies are often applied where they are quite unsuitable. Prevention, rather than cure, is, in most instances, all that can be claimed for the influence of the sea. I believe it is particularly beneficial in averting the mischief that so often threatens after acute illness, and also in cases of debility without actual disease.

As an illustration of the ignorance of the Australian climate that prevails in some quarters, I will mention one case that came under my notice. A lady, having an hereditary tendency to consumption, but with no actual disease, was advised by a physician to try the climate of Brisbane—in summer! The voyage by the Queensland mail route is intensely hot; and before the patient arrived in Brisbane disease was actively developed. She soon became very much worse; lingered for eight months through the hottest season of the year, and then died. What her sufferings must have been, only those who know something of Queensland heat can realise. This is only one instance among many that might be related.

The Australians themselves cannot understand why so many sick people are sent to them, and ask with wonder on what it is that their sanguine expectations are founded. They do not hesitate to condemn in very strong terms the "cruelty" of those who, knowing nothing of Australia, send out patients, not only unattended, but with very little prospect of finding a home when they arrive. Faces from the old country are common enough; and it is a mistake to suppose that every Englishman who comes, bringing any sort of introduction from home, is sure of a hearty welcome wherever he

happens to present himself. Yet, but for some such uncertain claim upon the kindness of strangers, many invalids arrive in the colonies absolutely friendless; and not a few of them are compelled to spend their last days in some hotel or hospital alone.¹

In nearly all respects I do not hesitate to say that Australia is an unfit place at present for any one who may be called an invalid. Travelling is rough, the accommodation is rough, the food is rough. The railways are slow and tedious, and railway porters are scarce, and the steamers are small and overcrowded. Of coach travelling I have already given some particulars. The houses in many parts, with their roofs of corrugated iron, seem built to absorb as much heat as possible in summer, while in winter they afford a very imperfect protection against cold. The food is substantial enough. Joints, steaks, chops, make their appearance at every meal, and at breakfast, even in the hottest summer weather, they are often the only fare; but there is a heavy monotony about it that is ill-calculated to tempt a delicate appetite.

To the strong and healthy such details as these may appear but trifling; but taken together they must make a very important factor in the calculations of an invalid.

I cannot conclude this paper better than by quoting the opinion of a physician of great experience in these subjects. In his article upon phthisis Dr. Fullerton writes as follows:—

"If the patient can, in the earliest stage of the disease, make a long sea-voyage in the summer season, and

¹ Some people are under the impression that the cost of living in the colonies is small. This is a mistake. Beef and mutton are cheap, and some sorts of fruit. Everything else is very dear. To secure anything like comfort in the hotels, the highest English prices must be paid. In the outlying districts the cost of most things is enormous. At one township where we stayed for two days, I paid five shillings for a quart bottle of beer, two shillings for small bottles; six shillings a dozen pieces for washing, and for other things in proportion.

select a mild, genial climate for his future residence, the progress of the disease may be arrested; the tubercles already formed may remain dormant, and with proper care and attention he may live to a good old age. It is rare, however, to find patients inclined to adopt such measures in the early stage of phthisis. To be full of hope is one characteristic feature of persons suffering from this disease in any form, especially at its commencement. Patients will draw a full breath, tell you they feel no pain, have no taste for travelling, cannot bear the idea of being separated from their early associates and friends, and only require a little medicine to make them quite well. Arguments of this kind, together with the entreaties of friends, induce medical practitioners often to act contrary to their own judgment, and to continue to treat patients at home under unfavourable circumstances, because they know there is something very chilling in the appearance of strange faces, and the absence of wonted comforts that detracts largely from the advantages of travelling and change of climate. After the disease has advanced to the second stage, and suppurative of the tubercles is established, no motive should induce medical advisers to encourage a patient to leave the comforts of home and the care of friends. A sea-voyage is often trying to those in health; but it requires one to have witnessed their sufferings to be able to sympathise sufficiently with poor invalids, tossed about by the merciless billows, half starved by reason of the solid sea-fare being too gross for their delicate state, and nauseated by the sight of tea, coffee, or any fluid food

that can be got on ship board. Nor is their fortune much improved when they arrive at a foreign port.

"Servants at hotels have little leisure and less taste for waiting on invalids. At an early hour, when they could get rest, they are constantly disturbed, and, towards morning, returning cough deprives them of both rest and sleep. Lodging and boarding-houses are little better; a stepmother's spirit seems to pervade them all, so as to chill the invalid to the centre on his entering them. Despondency of spirits, never felt at home by such patients, is now certain to be added to his former sufferings. The constitution, under these unhappy influences, sinks apace, and the miserable sufferer, instead of having his health renovated by change of climate, hastens to a premature grave. Such has been my experience when making six voyages between England and Australia. And while practising in the latter country, I have observed that patients who arrived in the first stage of the disease were improved, and enjoyed a respite of some years; but those who came after softening had begun, were carried off sooner than would be the average duration of such cases in Europe, even under unfavourable circumstances. Persons attacked with phthisis in Australia, whether natives of the country or immigrants, follow in the same course. The climate, although favourable to the enjoyment of health, is relaxing to invalids, and hastens the softening of tubercles and, consequently, the fatal issue of the case."¹

¹ *The Family Medical Guide.* By Geo. Fullerton, C.M. and M.D. Edin. Jos. Cook and Co. Sydney.

BRITISH BUTTERCUPS.

THERE are no flowers, save only daisies, more familiar to us, from childhood upward, than the buttercups; and yet there are few of us, outside the strictly botanical world, who even know that we have in England more than one species of these common and beautiful plants. In reality, however, we possess no less than thirteen indigenous and well marked kinds—the “splitters” make them into many more—and their history is so very instructive from the evolutionary point of view, that we may well spend half an hour in investigating the origin and nature of their various typical forms.

Taken as a group, the buttercups must rank as extremely primitive and simple flowers. Indeed they have varied very little or not at all from the earliest norma of the great race to which they belong. Their primitive character is shown both by the persistent regularity and symmetry of their arrangement, and by the fact that none of their parts have coalesced with one another, as often happens in more advanced and developed plants. For example, their blossoms always consist of four parts or whorls, arranged one inside the other, and comprising sepals, petals, stamens, and ovaries. In the common meadow buttercup, which may be regarded as the central type, we have first five distinct and separate sepals, forming a divided calyx, and not united into a compound tube, as in the pink, the campions, and many other specialised flowers. Next, we have five equally distinct and separate petals, forming a divided corolla, and not united into a compound bell or funnel, as in the harebell, the convolvulus, the primrose, and many similar advanced types. Within these, again, we get several rows of simple stamens, not

united into a sheath, as in peaflowers and mallows, nor with flattened stalks, like stars of Bethlehem, but representing in its earliest form the primitive staminal type. Last of all, in the very centre, we get a number of simple ovaries, each containing a single seed, and all quite distinct, instead of being combined together like the cells of a poppy, the segments of an orange, or the five leathery carpels which go to make up the core of an apple.

There are other ways in which the buttercups clearly exhibit their very primitive organisation. For instance, more advanced plants often have the numbers of their parts considerably reduced, owing to their increased specialisation enabling them to dispense with some of their superfluous organs; thus, the poppy has only two sepals, while the meadow buttercup has five; the stocks and wall-flowers have only four petals, the milk-worts three, and the larkspur two, while the buttercup has again five; the pinks have only five stamens, the valerians three, the veronicas two, and the orchids one, while the buttercups have many; and as to ovaries, the peas, plums, and an immense number of other plants have them reduced to one, while in the buttercups they are very numerous indeed. Once more, the various organs in the buttercup are extremely simple in shape, and are arranged in circular symmetry. For example, the petals are all alike, and are typical petals in form; and they are set in a row of five round a common centre, instead of being produced into long spurs, as in columbine, or of being variously shaped and irregularly arranged, as in the peaflower, the violet, the snapdragon, and the gladiolus. All these points conspire to show

that the buttercups are a very early and unaltered type; indeed, I do not know that we can find anywhere in nature a simpler form of flower from which to begin on the upward march than our common English meadow buttercup.

There is one very easy mark by which to recognise any one of the true buttercups at a single glance. If you pull out one of the petals, you will see at the base a small hollow spot, usually covered by a tiny convex scale. This spot is the nectary, where the honey is produced, and the scale serves to protect it from the depredations of small thieving insects, for whose benefit it is not intended. The plant has stored up the honey in order to insure the visits of bees and other proper fertilisers, who will carry its pollen from head to head, and so aid in setting its fruit: but it does not wish its bribe to be devoured by lesser flies, which steal the nectar but do not bring the pollen to the sensitive surface of the ovary. So to protect the nectary from such useless small fry, it has developed the little scale that covers the honey gland.

Our common English meadow buttercup, as everybody knows, is a tall golden-flowered plant, abounding in meadows and pastures, and blossoming in early summer. It manages to maintain itself even in closely-cropped fields by virtue of its acrid taste, which makes it very unpalatable to horses and cattle. Hence one may often see a pasture where all the other plants have been steadily eaten down, while the tall heads of the buttercups are still left unmolested in the midst; and it is this freedom from the attacks of herbivorous animals, no doubt, that has enabled the meadow buttercup, big and conspicuous weed as it is, to hold its own so bravely even among our deeply-nibbled commons and waste places. The stems are erect, and very hairy, the hairs being intended to prevent creeping insects from climbing up to steal the honey. In the lower part of the stem, they are turned

downwards, so as to form an effectual *chevaux de frise* against ants or other intruders from below; on the middle part they stick out at right angles, apparently as a protection against stragglers from neighbouring blades of grass; but on the flower-stalks they are closely pressed against the surface, an arrangement the purpose of which I cannot conjecture. The foliage consists of stalked leaves, deeply divided into three, five, or seven segments; and these are again subdivided into three lobes each. Such subdivision of the leaves, about which I shall have more to say further on, is due to the competition between plants for the light and the carbonic acid in the air, from which mainly they form their organisable material. Where leaves have access to abundant light and air, without much competition, they grow out full and round; where they are tightly packed together so as to shade and crowd one another, they are split up into numerous minute segments which thus manage to catch every atom of carbon that passes their way. Meadow buttercups live in thickly-peopled, open spots, where the competition is comparatively severe, and they have, therefore, adapted their foliage to the average necessities of their situation.

The flower in the meadow buttercup, as in most other British species of the group, is a bright golden yellow. This is the commonest colour among very simple flowers, and it probably represents the primitive hue of all petals. The use of the bright tint is of course, to allure the fertilising insects, which recognise these brilliant patches of colour as the outward and visible symbol of the honey concealed beneath the little convex scales within.

There are two other closely allied species of British buttercups, seldom distinguished by ordinary observers from the meadow buttercup, but differing in a few interesting particulars. One of them, the creeping buttercup, is quite indistinguishable so far as the flower is concerned, though it may be

readily known by the foliage and the shooting runners. The leaves have three stalked segments each, like those of the meadow buttercup, but the central one projects slightly above the others, on a longer stalk, so as to give the entire leaf a more oval outline. The purpose of this curious modification, which, though so slight is quite constant, would be difficult to decide: probably it results from the fact that the creeping buttercup grows, as a rule, in more densely occupied spots, and needs to raise its leaflets higher, in order to get at the sun and air. The use of the runners, which spring from the root-leaves, is at once obvious. They serve to propagate the species by suckers, as they root and form fresh plants at every joint. The creeping buttercup affects mainly rich soils, especially near the water-side, and it can therefore afford plenty of material for forming young off-shoots, in such a directly proliferous fashion, exactly as strawberries do, and the more so the more highly they are manured. Accordingly, this species proves a most troublesome and almost ineradicable weed in rich pasture-land. It is as acrid as the meadow-buttercup, and therefore as fully protected against herbivorous foes. Their time of flowering is the same.

The bulbous buttercup, again, has varied a little more markedly from the central meadow type. It is a perennial, like its sister species; but it has acquired the useful habit of laying by starchy material in a sort of rude bulb at the base of the stem. This store of valuable foodstuffs allows it to open its flowers earlier in the season than the other two kinds, which have to collect material for their blossoms in the spring before they begin their flowering period. Accordingly, it is the first of all our taller buttercups to appear in full bloom, being well out in the early part of April: though the aberrant and almost stalkless lesser celandine (as we shall see hereafter) is able to anticipate it by many weeks. This early flowering is of course an

advantage to the plant, as it thereby manages to attract the attention of the spring bees, before all the competing species have begun to vie with it for their much-appreciated services. As the bulbous buttercup flowers while the grass is still short and young, it does not need to grow so tall as the meadow species, which has to overtop the summer hay crop. It has another marked peculiarity of its own, too, in the behaviour of its sepals, which instead of remaining concave as in the two previous kinds, turn over after the flower opens, so as to be reflexed or doubled back against the top of the stem. This peculiarity is so marked and so constant that it must clearly have been acquired for some special purpose, probably to baffle some peculiarly assiduous climbing insect. The foliage resembles that of the creeping buttercup: the flower belongs (except as regards the calyx) to the central type.

The hairy buttercup, a smaller and bushier plant, with numerous little pale yellow flowers, has the same trick of turning down its calyx, but does not lay by starch in its stem, and so blossoms later in the season. It may therefore be regarded with great probability as a descendant of the same ancestor as the bulbous buttercup, but rather degenerate in type, as a "weed of cultivation," that is to say, a form adapted to the special conditions brought about by human tillage. The carpels are also marked on their edges with some tiny tubercles, which seem like the first symptom of a feature more fully developed and more obviously useful in the next species.

The corn buttercup represents a far more thorough-going weed of cultivation. It is a pale green plant, scarcely at all hairy, because its habit of growing among standing corn sufficiently protects it against creeping insects; and its leaves are divided into three long narrow segments, which thus best compete for air and light with the tall blades of the surrounding cereals. The flowers are small, as is

usual with such degenerate weeds; and their hue is pale and faded. But the most curious fact about the species is the nature of the carpels, which are covered with small conical prickles, often hooked at the end, and evidently the more developed form of the tiny tubercles noticeable in the hairy buttercup. It is a common thing for the fruits and seeds of plants which grow among corn to be thus specially protected; and this curious buttercup forms an admirable illustration of the rule. It is a Mediterranean weed by origin, and not indigenous to Britain; but it has been introduced here with the seed corn, and has now become a troublesome intruder on many farms in our southern counties. Like other cornfield weeds, it necessarily flowers and ripens its seed with the grain: for of course any weed which did otherwise would get cut off before its time, or else would not be carried with the crop. The corn buttercup, in short, is the descendant of the survivors which have managed by means of their hooks and their ripening season to outlive the annual ordeal of reaping, threshing, and winnowing, that effectually cuts off all but the best adapted weeds in our English cornfields.

A still tinier and more degraded representative of the group is the small-flowered buttercup, a wee, matted, creeping weed, the last effort of the genus to keep itself alive under the most ungenial and unfavourable circumstances. It grows close to the ground, generally in rough, weedy places, overgrown by other small tufted plants; and its leaves are rounded and but little divided, as they are usually pressed tightly against the soil, and have therefore hardly any competition to endure. The blossoms are so small, feeble, pale, and stunted, that they can hardly be recognised for buttercups at all; but the petals still possess the characteristic spot at the base which marks the whole genus. They are visited, however, only by small flies and other insect riffraff.

In most cases the flowers are imperfect, having seldom more than three or four petals. The carpels are covered with prickles, neither so long nor so sharp as those of the corn buttercup. Altogether, this degenerate little type fairly indicates the low watermark of the buttercup race.

Returning to the central form of the meadow buttercup, we find certain divergences in another direction which lead us up towards a second and more peculiar group. Of these, the goldilocks of our woods and copses may be regarded as the most primitive example, and indeed in some respects it may probably rank as the very earliest in type of all the buttercups. Its flowers resemble those of the meadow kind; but its lower leaves are circular or kidney-shaped and hardly divided at all, which doubtless marks an original form. Growing in bushy places, with little competition from surrounding ground-plants, it is able to raise its foliage on long stalks into the free upper air, and does not need to split up the blades into long or subdivided segments, like its neighbours of the open plains and pastures. It often happens that the woodlands thus preserve a very early type, while the cultivated fields contain only more developed forms, produced by the severe struggle for life which goes on in the over-stocked meadows. The carpels or fruits of goldilocks are covered with minute hairs, which may act as a deterrent to birds.

The celery-leaved buttercup is a water-side form, quite destitute of hairs, as often happens under such circumstances; for as the stems grow out of water, the natural moat thus provided for them sufficiently protects them against creeping insects, and they are consequently enabled to economize the material that must otherwise have gone to the production of a preventive *chevaux de frise*. Indeed, it may be laid down as a general rule (with few exceptions) that when two allied plants grow respectively in wet and dry situations,

the former will have a smooth and shiny stem, while the latter has a rough and hairy one. The leaves of this species somewhat resemble those of celery, which grows in the wild state under exactly similar conditions: and such a resemblance in the leaves of totally unrelated plants, similarly circumstanced, is very common indeed. It points to the fact that the forms of foliage are mainly determined by situation and mode of life: and where these are the same, like forms are developed from the most unlike ancestral stocks. The flowers are small and many, but they are remarkable for the absence of the scale which usually covers the nectary at the base. Doubtless this peculiarity depends upon their marshy habitat, and the nature of the small flies by which they are oftenest fertilised. As a consequence, the carpels are small and thickly crowded together, so as to get the full benefit of the insect visits.

We have two other waterside buttercups in England of much the same general habits, but with considerable difference of appearance and foliage. The common spearwort, which grows abundantly in marshes and boggy bits of pasture land over all Britain, might easily be mistaken for the meadow buttercup by a casual observer who looked only at the character of the flowers. But the foliage is very different indeed, and in many ways much more primitive. All the leaves are quite undivided and hairless; and the lower ones are usually oval in shape, while the upper are long and grass-like. The latter form is very common among waterside plants, such as the sedges, flags, and marsh veronicas: it may indeed be considered the typical form for erect (as opposed to floating) swampy leaves. The nature and meaning of these foliar changes and variations I shall consider more fully a little later on.

Our other erect waterside buttercup is the magnificent plant known as the greater spearwort, one of the handsomest and most striking members of

our native flora. It is a stout, hollow-stemmed plant, two or three feet high, with a splendid panicle of very large, bright, golden flowers, each as big as a dog-rose, and extremely graceful. The leaves are here again long and lance-shaped, and very much like those of the larger sedges in general character. As to its great size and very handsome flowers, one can only say that in the temperate regions generally, marshland blossoms seem often to attain a larger and finer development than their woodland or meadowland neighbours. Perhaps the richness of the soil in which they grow, and the comparative absence of competition have something to do with this result.

We come now to one of the more abnormal British buttercups, a little spring flower, well known from Wordsworth's familiar lines as the lesser celandine. All the species with which we have hitherto dealt have normally five sepals and five petals; but this pretty little flower has so far diverged from the type of its race as to possess only three sepals, while it makes up for the loss by producing eight or nine bright golden petals instead of five. Whether these latter have been developed, so far as regards the supernumeraries, out of the missing sepals or not, it would be hard to say. The petals are also much longer and narrower than in any of the preceding species, and they are usually a dull bluish brown or russet on the under side. Altogether, the flowers of the lesser celandine are less buttercup-like than those of any other British plant belonging to the group. Nevertheless, there is no doubt about its very close relationship with the other kinds, as the petals exhibit most markedly the characteristic nectary and scale which are so peculiar to the buttercup genus. In foliage, on the other hand, the celandine still retains a comparatively primitive type: its leaves are almost circular, and heart-shaped at the base, not lobed, but slightly indented near the edge.

Flowering so early in the year, and pressing its leaves rather flat on or near the ground, it does not require to divide them into segments. The roots are noticeable for their numerous small pill-like tubers, which are renewed every year, and which have procured for the plant its two common English names of figwort and pilewort. These tubers, being richly stored with starch, enable the celandine to begin flowering very early in the season, and so it appears before any other British member of the group, not even excepting the bulbous buttercup.

Our two remaining English species, though structurally less divergent than the lesser celandine, would hardly strike a casual observer as buttercups at all. They are commonly known as the ivy-leaved crowfoot and the water-crowfoot, and both have small, scrubby, white flowers, far more inconspicuous as a rule than those of most other buttercups. This is especially the case with the first-mentioned plant, which creeps on mud by the side of ditches, puddles, or intermittent water-courses. Its leaves are like miniature copies of ivy; but it straggles loosely in a shabby sort of way along the soft ooze, rooting at every joint, and looking extremely degraded in its dirty, ditch-haunting habits. It is, however, remarkable for its white flowers, which have evidently been developed from yellow ancestors; for the petals are white at the edges only, the claw or base being still primrose or golden. This is a common principle of colour-change in flowers; the new hue appears first on the outer edge, the original tint remains unaltered near the centre of the blossom.

More curious by far is the water-crowfoot, which grows in ponds or streams, and often produces comparatively large and striking masses of white flowers. Here again the whiteness is confined to the edge of the petals, while the base remains pale yellow. But the most interesting point

about the plant is to be found in its leaves, which are of two totally distinct sorts, according as they grow above or below the water respectively. The submerged leaves are finely and minutely subdivided into long, narrow, hair-like segments, which wave freely about in the stream as it flows; the surface leaves float on top of the water, and are large and rounded like those of the ivy-leaved crowfoot. The reason for this curious difference is easy enough to understand. Running water holds in solution a comparatively small quantity of carbonic acid. Hence the lower leaves fill out only along the lines of the ribs, and never produce cellular matter to fill the intermediate space. They are then able to wave up and down in the stream, and to catch every stray passing atom of carbon, which they fix in their tissues, and so add to the growth of the plant. Their shape may be compared to the gills of fishes, or still more closely to the external branchiæ of some amphibians, which are similarly designed to catch the few particles of oxygen diffused through the surrounding water. But when the leaves reach the surface, and obtain abundance of carbonic acid and sunlight on the unoccupied area of the top, they fill out like the floating foliage of the water-lily, and assume at once their full ancestral shape. In this respect they may rather be compared to the lungs of terrestrial animals, with their provision for inhaling the ubiquitous oxygen of the atmosphere in large masses. The water-crowfoot has been divided into several supposed species by "splitting" botanists, according as all the leaves are submerged and finely cut, or as some are floating and rounded, or as the segments are more or less linear in shape; but all these differences depend entirely, I believe, upon the nature and amount of the carbon supply. In rapid streams, the foliage is usually all carried along with the current, and grows out into long parallel streamers. In deep pools, where the stem can hardly

reach the surface, and only the flowers get up to the open air, all the leaves are also cut, but into shorter and rounder segments; in shallow ponds or slow brooks, the two kinds of leaf, floating and submerged, are found together. Even accidental variations in the fall or rise of the water make parts of the self-same leaf fill out or not according to the temporary nature of the carbon supply.

From this brief survey of our existing English buttercups we may, perhaps, deduce the following facts as to their ancestry and subsequent modification. The primitive progenitor of the buttercup race had golden yellow flowers, with five petals, and with a scale-covered nectary at the base of each. Most of its descendants preserve the ancestral type of blossom practically unchanged; but in the lesser celandine the number of petals has been increased; in the small weedy buttercups the colour has become paler, and the scale has disappeared; in the very degraded small-flowered buttercup the blossom has been immensely dwarfed, frequently with loss of one or more petals; and in the water-crowfoot and ivy-leaved crowfoot the hue has changed to white under stress of special insect selection.¹ As to foliage, the primitive buttercup had a rather rounded simple leaf, and this type of leaf is still everywhere approximately preserved, where the circumstances are favourable; it is well seen in the lesser celandine and in the lower leaves of the small spearwort, and still better in the continental snaketongue, once found in Jersey, but now extinct there owing to the drainage of the marsh where it formerly grew. This same type also survives more or less in the ivy-leaved crowfoot, and in the floating foliage of the water-crowfoot. To a less extent, it occurs in the lower leaves of the goldi-

locks and the small-flowered buttercup. But where the competition for light and air is stronger, the spaces between the ribs do not fill out with cellular tissue; and this gives rise to the cut leaves of the goldilocks in its upper portion, and to the foliage of the meadow buttercup and the creeping buttercup. In the lesser spearwort, on the other hand, the upper leaves are not divided, but drawn up into long blades; and in the greater spearwort, all the leaves are similarly drawn up, in accordance with a common water-side practice. In the corn buttercup, the foliage is divided, but cut into narrow segments. In the submerged leaves of water-crowfoot, the segments become almost hair-like. In short, the foliage throughout is built upon a common ancestral plan, but immensely altered in detail by the nature of the circumstances under which the plant lives.

It would be impossible here to enter at any length into the history of the more developed British plants which are not buttercups, but are derived by descent from the same family origin—the *Ranunculaceæ* as opposed to the *Ranunculi*. Still, I may briefly mention in passing a few of the more striking and familiar among them, merely in order to show the variations which a single type can undergo without losing the marks of its common ancestry. The globe-flower or trollius, a rare British plant, confined chiefly to Wales, the Lake District, and the Highlands, has from ten to fifteen large golden-yellow sepals, inclosing as many small and unnoticeable petals. It shows us how, when the calyx is more conspicuous than the corolla, the attractive colouring matter is developed there rather than in the normal organs. In our own common marsh marigold, whose leaves still strikingly retain the primitive type, this substitution of calyx for corolla has been carried even further; for here the useless little petals have quite disappeared, and the five bright golden sepals take their place, resembling

¹ The group of flies, known as Syrphidae, which are the common fertilisers of these waterside kinds, have a special liking for white, and the flowers which usually cater for them produce accordingly white petals with yellow nectaries.

almost exactly the petals of the buttercup, though, of course, lacking their distinctive nectary and scale. The anemones are a group which have similarly lost their unnecessary petals by suppression; though to make up for the loss, the sepals are often largely increased in number. In colour, too, most species of this genus have risen considerably in the progressive scale; for though some few still remain yellow, the greater number have become white, pink, purple, or blue. Our familiar English wood anemone varies from white to pale lilac; the rarer pasque-flower of the chalk downs is dull violet.

While in these cases, the petals tend to die out altogether, there is a second set of English ranunculaceous plants in which they tend to become even more specialised as nectaries or honey-sacks. In columbine, the little spot at the base of the petal has become developed into a long spur, containing a store of honey accessible only to the higher insects; and here too the sepals have become brilliantly coloured, in order to aid in the effective display, though not to the exclusion of the petals, as in the marsh marigold and anemone. However, the hues are generally of a

more advanced type, our English species varying from blue to dull purple. In larkspur, which is also blue, the flowers have become one-sided, in special adaptation to the visits of the humble-bee, which, as Hermann Müller has shown, alone among North European insects has a proboscis long enough to reach the honey in its deep spur. Here it is the sepals that are coloured, and the petals, usually reduced in number to two, have been specialised as nectaries alone. The same peculiarities are still more marked in aconite or monkshood, the highest of our English buttercup family; for here one sepal is greatly enlarged and converted into a helmet, under which the two petals are curled up as long-stalked nectaries. Rudiments of the three remaining petals exist in the lower part of the flower. In fact, widely different as these higher members of the group appear at first sight from the little symmetrical yellow buttercup, the links which bind them together may still all be traced through such intermediate or illustrative forms as the globe flowers, the Christmas roses, the columbines, and the various larkspurs.

GRANT ALLEN.

A SOCIAL STUDY OF OUR OLDEST COLONY.

II.

ANY one who was familiar with Irish social life before the famine and the passing of the Encumbered Estates Acts, would have found in many respects a most striking analogy between that and life in the South, particularly in Virginia, before the war. The presence in each of a degraded race, the varying treatment by good landlords and bad landlords, by good masters and bad masters; the strain upon the country in both cases from the rapid multiplication of the inferior race, though in Virginia the crowding was only crowding owing to the large and reckless system of farming it necessitated. The notions of hospitality were of an almost identical order. But not the least striking similarity was the presence of a class of men at the tag end of the real gentry that in both countries, but in rather different ways, looked on themselves as above honest work, and yet were quite unfitted to be either ornamental or useful in the higher walks of life.

I would now pass over the wavering and uncertain line that divided the aristocracy—or what, for want of a more exact definition, I have called the aristocracy—from the great middle class, or what may with equal fairness be called the yeomanry. The former, in the county whose social census I am making a rough estimate of, I placed at fifty families; the latter would number probably from a thousand to fifteen hundred households. All of these owned land and slaves at the opening of the war. Some of them held property in both to a greater extent than many of the class who were their social superiors. Such property was the chief and almost only opening for the

investment of accumulated means, and men who began life with nothing but "a level head" sometimes died worth a considerable fortune in land and negroes, and the practical local influence which such brings, but without any social recognition. These were exceptions. The average Virginian farmer, who rode his own horse in the war as a trooper under Stuart, or got off it for the first time in his life and performed astonishing marches, barefoot, under Stonewall Jackson—such a man would probably have had four or five hundred acres of land and from ten to thirty head of negroes, only a small proportion of whom would have been full power male labourers. He stayed persistently at home and rarely went out of the county, which he spoke, and still speaks of, as "old" Nelson, "old" Buckingham, "old" Halifax, or whatever its name might be. His dwelling was very frequently superior in external appearance to what his habits and ideas would seem to demand. He shared all the characteristics of the class above him, with whose material interests his were of course identical, saving the social and educational advantages which alone distinguished them apart. He treated his negroes well and was his own overseer, kept out of debt rather more than the *'ristocrats (sic)*, was admirable in all his relations of life, rather slow and unbusinesslike than actually lazy, as he is depicted by outside chroniclers. For an Anglo-Saxon, he was not drunken by any means; occasionally went "on the spree," but very seldom "boozed" habitually in his own house—drinking, as a general thing, spring water and buttermilk. A careless farmer, but yet, under the economic conditions which surrounded him, not such

a senseless one as is generally made out by people who have had no practical experience of Southern agriculture or Southern life. While the class above him were mainly Episcopalians, he leaned decidedly towards the more congenial excitabilities of the Baptist or Methodist persuasion. By the time of the revolutionary war, indeed, dissent from the old Episcopal faith of Virginia was so great that the first republican legislature "was crowded with petitions for abolishing this spiritual tyranny" (religious legislation). Two-thirds of the citizens were even then seceders; now the proportion is much greater, embracing nearly all the middle and lower ranks. The Southern yeoman, too, is polite, and has no trace of that uncouthness which makes the plain Northern or Western farmer respected more for his intrinsic merits than for his charm of manner. He has always kept foxhounds and hunted foxes with a passion that is hereditary and of British origin, though in a style that would shock the booted and breeched and ornamented devotee of that noble sport in modern England. He shoots a little, but not nearly so much as the class above him. The balance of his leisure is devoted to "chatting," the pastime above all others which he ardently loves. A country where for seven months in the year people sit in verandahs or under the shade of trees when they sit at all, and when that is combined with a state of society where people live entirely upon farms and plantations, apart from one another—such a state of things is, I think, conducive to a desire for conversation. "Neighbourliness," indeed, was cultivated as a science by the Virginian always. He will talk at any time in the day and upon any and every day. Outside each country store rows of saddled horses tied up to the fence for hours at a time, though most of them have not come three miles, give evidence of the gregarious instinct of their owners. These will be found within sitting

among the flour barrels and nail kegs, indulging in quaint, humorous chaff, or passing slow judgment upon men and things, upon negroes, corn and tobacco, church meetings, lawsuits, or fox-hunting, as if time itself were no more.

The whole tradition of the country unites in a vast protest against hurry. If you meet your neighbour on the road on horseback, though you had met every day for a week, he would look on you as a curmudgeon did you not stop and "chat a while." If on a summer day you stop at a roadside farmhouse for a drink of water, you will be fortunate, if the owner is a speaking acquaintance, to get away within an hour, and considerable hardening will be required to resist the entreaty to "Lite, sir, 'lite," that follows instantly on his greeting of recognition.

Rural property, where the house stands upon the public highway, is among this middling class considered as having something special in that particular to recommend it. The middle-aged or elderly proprietor of such an enviable location, though he has nowadays to make his boys work, will still sit himself upon the porch in his shirt-sleeves, with long pipe or the less picturesque quid between his teeth, rocking himself to and fro in the warm summer days. His eyes are bent always on the dusty red road that, beyond the shade of the acacias and the old-fashioned, straggling box-trees which divide him from it, leads the people of his part of the county to the county town. Riding along it at slow ambling gaits, on Texan saddles with long swinging stirrups, in big straw hats and white linen jackets, the neighbours go by in ones and twos at long intervals. Each is greeted by our venerable friend with a shout of entreaty to "lite and set a while." The predilections of all tempt them to comply. The stronger-minded, however, declare "they are mightily pushed for time, and must get on." Others yield to their native instinct, hitch

their horses to the fence, and relapse into that extended and elaborate formula which, of various kinds according to education, accompanies in the South the meeting of man and man.

It is considered almost rude for a man to go straight into the business,—the loan of a plough or whatever it may be—that takes him to his neighbour's door, without a long preamble on things in general. The extraordinary unwillingness to come to the point in any business, however trivial—that is, I believe, exaggerated to the greatest extent in the Spanish American—is a very strong characteristic of the Southerner. It is a symptom, I think, of excessive neighbourly tenderness, that shrinks from disturbing—by rude allusions to necessary things—the *dolce far niente* of Southern rural life. It is the same spirit that produced the happy-go-lucky style of life that has become identified with those regions, that made the backing of a bill come to be gradually looked on as the natural duty of every man towards his neighbour, if he would not be condemned as an utter niggard; the fatal tendency of putting off everything that smacked of business formality to the very last moment, which made whatever in the rural South depended on parchment and figures so apt to be a hopeless chaos.

This great yeoman class, in Virginia particularly, is, now that slavery has been abolished, far more important even than it was. The war reduced it certainly to poverty, together with the class above, or rather we should say destroyed for a time the means of tapping its only sources of supply—the lands—that were left to it. The richer and better educated slaveowners abandoned farming in very large numbers at the end of the war, being unable or unwilling to adapt themselves to a new state of things. They and their sons often went into commercial and professional life, while those that are left, though of course their traditional social position still clings more or less

to them, are drawing nearer and nearer, under the more levelling influences of a comparatively hard-working and anxious life, to the level of mere farmers. The large middling class, on the other hand, has scarcely moved at all from its former abodes, and if its rising generation are not so picturesque or so quaint as their shade-loving sires, they are at least more hard-working, more ambitious, more open to outside influences, and, in the general advance of education better instructed than the latter. These in all probability imbibed their three Rs, and maybe a little elementary Latin, at the feet of one of those pedagogic oddities who ruled over what was called in their young days an "old field" school.

For the third time the Virginian social system has been destroyed, and the cards are reshuffling themselves on a new basis—this time neither on an aristocratic nor on a *quasi* aristocratic, but on a purely Republican one. By a gradual and natural process farmers all over the South, as elsewhere in America, are melting into one class. The evidences of recent class distinction, battered though they be, are still too fresh to have accomplished this as yet, though lands and homesteads that were identified with well-known families have been changing hands rapidly for the past ten years. The "country" is already beginning to be looked down on by the ambitious youth, and his eyes, as elsewhere in America, turn now towards the towns where a rate of improvement much faster than that of the rural districts is beginning to create, out of all sorts of constituents, a leading class on a basis of wealth and education. It is not likely, however, that the rural districts of Virginia will ever become a social wilderness, like so much of America, for many reasons. The hereditary land-hunger of the Virginian causes the successful man of business very frequently to invest his first savings in a country place whither he can "carry" his wife and family in the summer months

and experiment in comparatively improved farming. Northern people of education are not infrequently to be found doing the same thing, attracted by a beautiful and healthy country, large, ready-made, and often even pretentious establishments surrounded by groves and mountains, and broad acres of naturally fertile soil to be had, at what seems to them, and is in fact, a very low price, while still greater numbers of educated Englishmen have stepped into the vacated homestead of the better class of ex-slaveholder. The old magisterial system, which was identical with our own, went with the war, and stipendiary judges at the county towns were appointed. The interests of the people in the state legislature instead of being represented as of old by the educated country gentry are intrusted to courthouse lawyers, or more often still to shrewd yeoman farmers. No more social honour is conveyed by being a member of the Virginia legislature in these days than would be the case in Ohio or Kansas.

Before the war most of the wholesale and all the retail trade in the few towns there were, was carried on by Jews, Irishmen, and the middle-class of native Virginians. People with any social pretensions did not go much into wholesale business, rather from the lack perhaps of opening than anything else, but they looked down on shop-keeping with contempt. Now all that is altered, but still there is a discrimination in shops which is amusingly marked and has no doubt good reason for being so. A hardware, or a dry goods, or a drug-store in a good town is looked upon in these days as highly respectable, but I never heard of a young man belonging to the better class becoming a confectioner, a tobacconist, a tailor, or a family grocer, and I don't think I ever saw one keeping a country store. Saloon keeping, that common resource of young English gentlemen in America, who have either a natural taste for low company or think themselves smart and tell their

friends that it doesn't matter what you do in America, is, I need not say, utter social death.

There is no question but that the South has altered wonderfully in its ideas, within the last decade more particularly. I remember even ten years ago the bitterness of defeat seemed to me to have entered irrevocably into the very souls of its people. The farmer, as he sat upon his porch and looked upon the smokeless chimneys of his cabins, breathed imprecations on everything and everybody north of Mason and Dixon line. It used in those days to be a sort of consolation to him to scout at the notion of the United States remaining intact, and to gloat over some future day when the irreconcilable conflict of powerful interests should effect that disruption which he had unsuccessfully attempted by force of arms. Such feelings, which were then but natural, the local papers used to vie with one another in keeping alive. You hear little or nothing of all this now. The old strong sectional feeling, so far as any hostility is concerned, gets every year fainter and fainter.

The towns which I have said are gaining rapidly on the country in influence, are growing more American and less Southern. All the energies, at any rate all the enthusiasm of the people, is directed towards home development, and a Northern man who twelve or fourteen years ago would have been coldly received upon any terms, is now, if he is likely to be a substantial addition to a community, welcomed with open arms.

At the close of the war great bids were made for immigration by Virginia and other Southern States. But the flow that was expected from the North, and that did actually begin to trickle, was dried up by the high prices at which proprietors were foolish enough to hold lands that in many instances it would have paid them to give away. They had not yet learned what now is an accepted truth in the South, that it is better to farm four

or five hundred acres well and keep it in good condition than to scratch over a thousand or two on the old "rip and tar" (tear) principle.

It was a period, however, of general inflation and the sanguine temperament of the Southerner found vent in that glowing phraseology, so characteristic of his race, scattering the impression through the country districts that the outside world were all jostling one another in their eagerness to get to those halcyon fields that a dire calamity had suddenly thrown open for their use. Therefore the first instalment of investors found the enormous surplus of land that was waiting to be tilled in the South held at prices which were based not only upon its past value for the raising of negroes but on the fiction of a crowded market.

Nearly all investors in these lands at their early prices lost heavily, for it was 1877 before they reached "hard pan." Now that the South has shaken down into harness, forgotten *la revanche*, and has an assured future, judicious investors have a very different prospect before them.

With regard, however, to the native farmers after the war—they scraped what they could together and went on working with hired labour on the same careless, easy-going, soil-exhausting principles they had pursued during slavery. They could not reconcile themselves to household thrift, and continued to live with regard to such matters as they had when they were comparatively rich men—simply at all times, but generously and with a contempt for details. I forget the exact years, but I think it was about 1871-2, that tobacco and other staples ran up to a very high price, and it seemed to many as if a whiff of old times had come back. Parts of the country began to burst forth again into "frolics" (vernacular for dances) and tournaments,¹ credit most fatally re-

vived for a time, and people generally conceived an idea that things were not so bad after all. It was, however, but a false and fleeting gleam of prosperity. A slow shrinkage in everything thinned out still further the ranks of the country gentry class, who, when they came fairly face to face with the life of a farmer who had nothing but a farm to live upon, and no capital to help him, shrank from it and began to move townwards. The yeoman class have had of course the same ups and downs since the war, but they have weathered the storm much better—naturally so—their ideas not being so 'ristocratic. They are better farmers as a rule than the others, having lived closer to the soil than these, even if they have not delved in it personally to any great extent. As I before said, the younger generations of both classes are taking off their coats pretty generally, and merging by slow but perceptible degrees into the same type. As the principal agriculturalists of the South they stand upon a better and firmer basis of prosperity, though a less picturesque one, than their forbears. Fortunately they do not emigrate to the West much, and when they do, they very frequently return with a strong dislike both to the people and the climate. The Virginian, it must be remembered, is as much a foreigner in Kansas or Nebraska as an Englishman, without, however, being at all like the latter. From whatever rank of society he comes he has been all his life accustomed to treat others, and be treated with rather formal politeness, and Western manners are distasteful to him. He has generally been quite unaccustomed to blasphemy and profanity, at any rate as an habitual method of conversation, and it is disgusting to his stricter ideas of decency and decorum. Perhaps he has not always energy enough for a Western life. His own climate is, of course, an admirable one, and he is not as well adapted to stand extreme cold as a New Englander or an Englishman. Lastly, he

¹ Tilting at the ring on horseback was till quite recently a leading rural sport in Virginia.

is very fond and proud of his own State, and has a clinging to home and home surroundings that is not to be found to the same extent in other parts of old America. Wherever he goes he is always a Virginian, and associates, if possible, with other Virginians. The matter-of-fact bluntness of the Westerner has little sympathy for this sort of thing, and is impatient of any other standards of human perfection save the material one he has erected, together with his prairie towns and grain elevators.

Perhaps the most unhappy characteristic of the South to-day is the tacit refusal of public opinion, and consequently of juries, to recognise as murder, or sometimes even as manslaughter, the killing of a man in a personal quarrel. They are not a quarrelsome people. You seldom hear men outside of politics abusing one another, either to their face or behind their back. Of course gossip of a kind flourishes, but it is of a cautious description, while the scandal-monger is far less reckless than in countries where the pistol is unknown. I am by no means inclined to attribute the universal reluctance of the Southerner to say anything against his neighbour to the dread of serious consequences only. I think it is due very much to the old easy-going feeling of neighbourliness that, outwardly, at any rate, over-rides jealousies and shrinks from the nuisance and unpleasantness of even a bloodless "fuss." No doubt the recognition of the pistol does have some influence on people's behaviour to one another. The universal purity of white women above the most degraded class, and the excessive rareness of domestic scandals is, no doubt, due in very great part to the fact that the seducer acts at the peril of his life, with judge, jury, and public opinion to applaud the injured relative who kills him without ceremony upon the first opportunity.

The statistics of homicide in the South look formidable, nor is it any

defence to say that the statistics of quarrelling and wrangling, could they be determined, would present, on the other hand, a very favourable appearance. In Virginia, as elsewhere in the South, there is an ingrained feeling that to kill a man under certain provocations is a misfortune rather than a crime. Respectable people, however, do not in my observation rush lightly into quarrels as Englishmen do, and when such occur there is a great reluctance to say or do those particular words and acts of insults that the Southerner looks on as unpardonable. If, however, this line is once overstepped, the consequences are very likely to be serious. Duelling went out before the war. Now and then, however, a meeting comes off, and is a nine days' wonder. The whole press then unites in ostentatious thankfulness that the barbarous practice has so nearly disappeared; but the vehemence of the denunciations against it are somewhat dulled by the consciousness that most newspaper editors would not hesitate to shoot down on the spot a man that struck them with a cane; nor would they consider that by so doing they had in any way forfeited their position in the eyes of society, much less their life or liberty. The homicides of the West are mostly done by the hectoring, bullying rowdy, ready for insult and prone to aggression. The homicides of the South are very frequently the deeds of men of otherwise irreproachable position—men whom the world would call good Christians and good citizens. I cannot see the logic of the self-laudatory congratulation of the Southern press in having got rid of the duello, and substituted the street fight with six-chambered revolvers. The former had at least an element of Anglo-Saxon fair play about it, and had the minor merit of gentility which should have tickled Southern ears. The latter savours of the "rough" pure and simple, has no assurance of fair play, and is often dangerous to harmless passers-by. In this method the aggrieved one, if he

is not armed—which is probably the case, for Northern writers very much exaggerate the prevalence of carrying pistols about in the South—sends word to his enemy to look out for himself, and each procuring a pistol, their first meeting in the street or elsewhere is the signal to commence firing. A good deal, however, of the homicidal records of the South are drawn from the haunts of the “poor whites” in the remote valleys of the mountains, and the exterminating family feuds, so much talked about at the North, are more often than not among these social outcasts, who have little but the passions and instincts of animals to guide them. In Virginia, for instance, among the respectable classes, the refusal to regard certain forms of homicide as murder is as strong as anywhere; but the cases of deadly conflict among these are only just numerous enough to illustrate from time to time by their treatment the aspect of public opinion, and far too few to enter for a moment into the considerations of life. It is the feeling towards this matter, which in the South seems to be something apart from religion or morality, that is unfortunate for the country, and that this palliatory attitude towards this class of crime is a matter of internal sectional satisfaction, mixed with a feeling something akin to contempt for people who cannot understand it, does not argue well for its speedy disappearance.

Many of the characteristics of the Virginian, and of those neighbouring states of whom he is typical, savour of the Puritan rather than of the rollicking Cavalier. Its Episcopal Church is evangelical, even to contempt, as regards forms. I have seen the Bishop of Virginia hold a confirmation in a country church attired in a frock coat, stand-up collars, and a black tie fastened in a sailor's knot. The feeling of the majority of his diocese is quite in sympathy. The behaviour of the younger portion of the congregations in country churches

is so extraordinary as to argue rather a complete failure to appreciate their position than wilful irreverence. The blessing is hardly finished when the ladies, young and old, fall into one another's arms; the men relapse into corn and tobacco, and the inside of the church assumes the appearance of an animated social gathering. That few of these buildings, even those erected in country neighbourhoods that at the time were wealthy, have anything in their external appearance to mark their ecclesiastical character is not unnatural in a country where architects and mechanics proper had no existence, and where nothing approaching to art was known. Imagine one of the old-fashioned, oblong, red brick methodist chapels of a small English country town dropped down in a grove of trees by the road side, and you have a fair idea of the average country meeting-house of the Southern Episcopalian. If service is going on, you will see forty or fifty saddle-horses hitched up in the shade of the oak trees, a dozen or so of conveyances of every description—buggies, spring waggons, and cumbersome old-fashioned family coaches, spattered with mud, and venerable in appearance, with black-coated negroes snoozing upon the box. Horses and mules taken from the plough, with loosened breast chains and hanging bearing-reins, crop sleepily at the scant grass, and shake the flies from their long ears. Negro servants will be murmuring in groups under the trees—for the African does not much appreciate the 'piscopal service—and a knot of men will probably be hanging round the open door, getting scraps of the service between their remarks on crops or weather. Many of the congregation will be Methodists and Presbyterians, who, having no service at their own church upon that Sunday, have no sectarian scruples of any kind in patronising the more exclusive church, if not as worshippers, at least as silent critics.

There will be many episcopalian

families there, however, with whom that church has always been *the* church, in spite of all the lack of dignity and slovenliness that has characterised it from the earliest times in its first Transatlantic strongholds. They sit where their fathers sat before them, and can look out through the great square windows over the undulating fields of corn, and wheat, and tobacco, to homesteads where their fathers lived before them, shining among the distant woods. They like their sermons long, and they like them strong. It is no uncommon thing to hear, even at this date, the giddy waltz denounced with solemn thunders from an Anglican pulpit in the South, while the clergy of other denominations wage universal war against such innocent pastimes, with threats and arguments which do little credit either to their common sense or their perspicuity. There are even degrees of crime in this particular in the rural South that are worthy of remark. First, then, are the young ladies, who are terrified into abjuring dancing altogether by the thunders of their Church. Next come those who will go out of the straight path so far as to perpetrate "a square." There are then a very large following—I am afraid the hopelessly insubordinate—who dance everything that comes, but in deference to local ideas of decorum abjure the familiar position of the gentleman's arm, and adopt, as a last protest, a compromise of crossing hands in front. Lastly, there has been, from recent friction with the outer world, an immense increase in the brazen young ladies who insist, to the horror not only of their spiritual advisers, but of their more conservative kinsfolk, in waltzing as people waltz in New York, London, Paris, and every other centre of civilisation.

The young lady in the South is still a "belle;" the young man is still a "beau." As a small but suggestive instance of the gradual assimilation to the outside world going on in the South, I may mention the differ-

ence in the appearance of the Southern rural "beau" when I first knew him and now. Then he wore a "full suit of broadcloth" with sweeping tails, an expansive shirt front, long hair, a moustache and goatee often dyed black, a stiff-brimmed wideawake hat, with a silk cord round it, and a pendant tassel. All that is changed now. The funereal go-to-meeting garments are left to the very rustic, and the young clerk or student attires himself as nearly like his contemporary of New York and London as the advantages of location admit of. He has not yet shaken off many of his funny notions, and one of the drawbacks to introducing tennis successfully, I hear, into the country towns and districts, is his tradition that it is indecent to take off his coat before the ladies. America abounds in such fantastic pruderies, but the South revels in them. Athletic sports have never gained the faintest foothold. A few rowing clubs flourish feebly, but they flourish without the countenance of the older generation, many of whom look on such things as being connected vaguely with gambling, and at the best, being "ungenteel." There is no sort of sympathy for physical or muscular prowess as there is in the Northern states, except, perhaps, in connection with a horse. There is a kind of feeling that all such things are "undignified," for there is a strange passion for this vague distinction of dignity in the Southern character. The greatest compliment that an aspiring country town clerk or sucking lawyer can have paid him by admiring young ladies is to be told he is dignified; he struts happily then, and cultivates at second-hand, by the light of a limited experience and narrow education, what he fancies to be the grand air of the "old Virginian gentleman."

Something like a third of the population, and two-thirds of the white population, in the county I have spoken of were non-slaveholders before the war. Most of these belonged

more or less to the *bonâ fide* "poor white" class, who lived apart in the mountain hollows, or on odd corners of thin land, that in a country where land was plentiful and cheap could always be had. Just above these, but with the vaguest of divisions, came the mechanics (so-called), overseers, and small farmers—without slaves, who were connected with, and merged imperceptibly into, the lower strata of the class that I have spoken of as "yeoman."

Without a particle of sympathy for slavery as an institution, one may yet state the bare incontrovertible fact that the Virginia negro before the war was, as a general thing, a happy and well-cared-for being. He had no thought for the morrow; he was well-fed, well-clothed, attended in sickness with the best medical skill procurable, and nursed with almost the same care as his master's own family. So far as his understanding went he wanted for nothing. His work upon the whole was by no means excessive; time was allowed him to attend to his garden; presents of money even were frequent at Christmas, when he had several days complete holiday, and enjoyed the best of all that was going. Other days in the year, too, were given up to merrymaking and enjoyment, as a matter of long usage, by the majority of masters, and no race ever knew better how to utilise such opportunities than the negro of the Southern States.

If the less that is said on the question of morality the better; yet, as far as outward observance went, the form of marriage was a standing institution, and was celebrated with solemn pomp. It was a common thing for slaves belonging to different plantations to intermarry, and in such cases so many evenings a week were given to the man to visit his family, while the children always belonged to the owner of the woman.

Throughout the war the negroes behaved admirably. Great numbers were drafted for the Confederate works around Richmond and elsewhere. Some few joined the Federal

armies, but the majority stayed at home, and formed all the support the women and children of both races had to look to during those terrible years.

Emancipation tried them sorely. Exaggerated ideas of freedom drove some from homes that under other circumstances they would have been loath to leave; while others refused to leave their old master even when he told them there were no dollars in the till to recompense their services. This same emancipation found them without surnames—a difficulty which was got over by their adopting with some reluctance the names of the families to whom they had belonged. All this righted itself after a time, for it was natural that the freeman of Virginia should be less averse to labour than his brother of the extreme South or the West Indies, where a warmer climate made it easier to maintain life with a minimum of work, and where the recollections of serfdom were, upon the whole, far less pleasant. Since the war the Virginia negro, considering his training and traditions, has behaved himself well. A temperate climate has, we have already said, compelled him to work, and if he has done that work in a fashion peculiar to his race, he has, upon the whole, given fair satisfaction.

A few have bought small farms, though these have, as a general thing, been low-priced, and consequently indifferent, land. A frequent inability to pay cash for their purchases, and a system of deferred payments, has hampered many of such small proprietors with debt, and it is a question whether they are in as good a position as many of their landless brethren.

Others work as labourers, at wages varying from eight to twelve dollars a month, and rations of bacon and Indian corn meal.

The greater proportion, however, live as tenants upon estates, and inhabit, for the most part, fairly comfortable log or frame houses, with garden attached, and the right to cut firewood, with pasture for cow and pigs.

In some cases such tenants may own a pair of horses or mules, and have allotted to them so many fields, for which they pay a fixed money rent, or a share of the crop, varying from one-fourth to one-third. Usually, however, his landlord provides him with teams and implements, advances him rations for the year when necessary, and divides the crop evenly when sold.

The chief difficulty of this system, which to a great extent frees the negro from supervision and compulsion, lies in his unbusiness-like qualities, rather than in his deliberate idleness, and in the frequent holidays which his new-found independence thinks necessary to indulge in. Should Whit-Monday, for instance, or some other church festival—the name of which conveys no meaning to the Ethiopian ear other than a time-honoured jubilee—arrive in the middle of a critical period in the farm work, no matter how weedy the corn is, or how foul the tobacco land, money could not bribe the hitherto industrious darkey to forego his customary “fling.”

The negro's dissipations almost always have a religious tendency; he hardly knows any other social joy but that which is in some way or other connected with the log church by the road-side, which he will work very hard to erect and to support. To analyse his religious feelings would be difficult, to determine the exact proportions of animal excitability and earnestness that constitute his piety would be as vain as to mock at his whole mode of worship would be flippant.

Religious excitement has the most marvellous power over the negro. He will go Sunday after Sunday to his church, and wait patiently, and to all appearance with perfect indifference to all religious influence, for that magic impulse, of which we know nothing, that impels him to seek the “mourner's bench,” and lose for a time his sanity in wonderful convulsions. He will listen in absolute immobility day after day to the

passionate thunders of his negro preacher, till on a sudden its echoes will strike him at the plough tail, and drive him leaping and bounding all over the plantation, till he falls exhausted in his cabin, amid the sympathies of his fellows, a happy and converted man.

Against lying and stealing his creed inveighs, mildly, and without effect; but against dancing or planting a cabbage on Sunday, it devotes its denunciations with great success.

Again we must admit the negro does not swear nor drink, to speak of; nor is he much given to fighting or to serious dispute. He is neither rude nor arrogant, but is rather by nature civil, and generally ready to render any small service over and above his regular work that may be required of him.

As an agricultural labourer, a miner or a factory hand, at the comparatively low wage which he receives, the negro is probably the cheapest labour in America. His want of industrial ambition and frugality is the most hopeless trait in his character. He will desert the farm where he is hired by the year at forty cents a day, for a mine or mill where he is hired by the day—but still, with the option of regular work—at a dollar, and yet the aggregate sum he earns will be no greater, and will be regulated by his simple wants, the difference in wage being made up by idleness and loss of time, and inability to save money that is paid him frequently and regularly.

Government schools for the coloured population have been universally established throughout the south, presided over by coloured teachers, who, as regards Virginia, have for the most part received their education at Hampton College, an institution founded by northern philanthropists soon after the war, for the benefit of negroes and Indians. The desire to learn among the children and young men and women is general, and up to a certain point they show great aptitude and quickness. It is as yet too early to predict what effect this will have upon

the future of the race. From an outside and abstract point of view, common sense will naturally suggest but one effect, that of general elevation; but an intimate knowledge of the people and their circumstances, will make one shrink from unreserved acquiescence in what at first sight seems like a truism.

To begin with, the colour line in social matters is not likely ever to be broken through. A gradually diminishing minority is not likely to wrest a privilege from a ruling and increasing majority, the concession of which that same majority now looks on as a calamity worse than death itself.

Any possible elevation, therefore, of the negro race must always be within certain restricted bounds. A certain amount of political place will be open to them, it is true, for years to come, but office without even the faintest pretence to social recognition amounts after all to very little, even if their best moral and intellectual representatives came to the front in such matters, which, after the fashion of their superior caste, they do not. It would be mere affectation in an Anglo-Saxon to regret that prejudicial barriers exist which secure his race against an infusion of negro blood. Nor whatever abstract laws of justice enthusiasts at a distance may lay down, is it conceivable that an American of English blood, with the welfare of his state and nation at heart, could hail as a sign of its progress and improvement, the participation of Africans in its government.

So as labourers, small farmers, factory hands, and so forth, it is more than probable the negro will remain, and it is a question not to be lightly dismissed, whether a limited education, the acquisition of which encourages that very irregularity in habits of labour which is their curse, is an altogether unmixed good.

A freemasonry, assuming almost the form of mutual terrorism, pervades the whole race. To detect crime, except such as threatens personal

safety, through negro channels, is as hopeless an undertaking as it is to track agrarian crime through native sources in Ireland at this moment. Revenge of some kind in return for exposure is looked on by a would-be informer as more than likely. "A white man," they say, "don't know how mean black folk can be to one another." A dread of poisoning without, I think, much ground for such, is the commonest form which this mutual timidity takes. The negro, however, is full of fears, and has not the smallest shame in making them public. He is afraid to walk in the woods alone at night lest "a sperrit" should jump on him from behind. Every familiar spot is peopled after night-fall by his fancy with the spectres of the dead. The cry of the night owl from the forest is for him full of the most portentous omens, while sickness and misfortune he is ever ready to attribute to the spell of some evil eye.

The future of the women is far less hopeful even than that of the men. The older generation, from the habits of industry inculcated by slavery, are still more or less valuable as household servants, washerwomen, or housewives in their own cabins. The younger are as a mass utterly frivolous. The good qualities of the parents are not sustained, while the bad are exaggerated in the children. The latter are as immoral as the men of the same generation—less inclined to work, and less steady and efficient when they do work. Sufficient wages and constant employment are always within their reach. "Trifling" as they are, an established reputation for honesty, steadiness, and application would secure any of them high wages; but these ordinary virtues among the young negro women seem incompatible with the whole tenor of their lives. In the tobacco factories, it is true, they do more regular work, but these are open for very few months in the year, and the town life which they necessitate and after which the women hanker is more costly, not only in the matter of food and lodging, but in that of the excessive personal

adornment which it encourages. That this class form an exception to the otherwise very fair record of the negroes since the war, will, I think, hardly be disputed, though that they are the mothers of future generations of United States citizens is not a pleasing matter for contemplation.

Since the artificial connection between the two races was severed by the abolition of slavery they seem to have each fallen back within themselves, and left a yawning gulf between, across which it is not easy to imagine that even in their remotest future any bridge can stretch.

The independence of the free negro is not like the independence of the white labourer of the Northern States, who though he may talk about equality, and be barely civil to his superior, yet prides himself upon the reputation he has for skill and industry among the employing class, and regards that reputation as his stock-in-trade.

The negro on the other hand, in spite of the protestations that run smoothly from his glib tongue does not as a rule care a straw for the good opinion of the white employing class, though his manner towards such, is usually that of a servant to his master and his feelings anything but unfriendly. Of the bad opinion of his own race, however, he lives in pious dread, and the opinion of his own race is based upon a standard that can tend in no way to his advancement, but very much to the contrary.

The most curious side of all this is that there is no one more fond than the negro of enlarging on the duties and obligations of life. Neither is there any one, except perhaps the low-class Southern white, such an adept at blowing his own trumpet. It is quite a common thing to hear two negroes, whether men or women, whether in the corn-field or the kitchen taking turns about in expatiating on their happy freedom from all those lamentable vices and weaknesses to which their less fortunate brethren are liable.

In spite of all these things, however, no spark of race hostility has

ever disturbed the amicable relations that have existed between the Virginians and their former slaves since the war. In nothing has the general fairness of the white majority to the black minority been more displayed than in politics. The latter have voted year after year, in conjunction often with the illiterate whites and unprincipled adventurers in opposition to their employers, and have occasionally been by these tactics victorious on issues that have simply brought disgrace upon their state in the eyes of the world. I have never, however, heard of even an attempt at intimidation except among the negroes themselves, but have rather wondered at the sublime indifference with which educated and intelligent men watch the annual stampede to the polls of those who live upon their land, and who look to them in time of need for everything, but who give wholesale political submission to the dictation of men who very rarely even pretend to be respectable.

I am far from wishing to scoff at the tenacity with which the negro exercises his right to vote. On the contrary, his loyalty to the party that freed him would have an admirable aspect if it were intelligent and more individually spontaneous, and if it were not for the knowledge that his simplicity and ignorance were used as a catspaw by the unscrupulous and the adventurer.

Two-thirds of the black vote is cast in ignorance of even the names of the candidates. Just as they were taught to believe after the war in the "forty acres and the mule" canard, so now is the fiction that the victory of the democratic party would once again rivet on them the chains of slavery industriously maintained. In the presidential elections their vote merely helps to swell the republican majority and does no harm except in the opinion of the defeated democracy. It is in state elections, where they form a tempting prey to any adventurer with an immoral platform and a small following, to turn the scale, that the mischief lies.

THE INVESTITURE OF THE NIZAM.

ON Saturday, February 22nd, we started by a special train at twelve o'clock *en route* for Hyderabad, in order to be present at the investiture of the young Nizam. On the 5th the Viceroy had preceded us by twenty-four hours, and we found all the stations adorned in his honour with those peculiarly graceful decorations of fruit and flowers in which the natives of India excel. For some hours the country through which we passed presented little worthy of remark. I noticed a white *Nymphaea* growing in the ditches, apparently a variety of the beautiful blue species with which Egyptian travellers are familiar. Further, the most interesting natural objects were the lovely Indian jay, and a still more lovely grass-green bee-eater, of which numerous specimens were perched on the telegraph wires. As the day wore on the blue chain of the Naggery came in sight, and the country changed from cultivated plains into jungle—of which the chief characteristic was the size and luxuriance of the bamboo, whose waving feathery foliage made an exquisite setting or foreground—to turquoise-coloured lakes and distant hills of a deeper blue.

We stopped at Balapully to see a cage of strong masonry, with a door and windows of stout iron bars, in which the pointsman is secured from the attacks of tigers. On the following morning we awoke to flat plains covered with crops of cholam (*Holcus Sorghum*). The distant blue hills, the bright green corn, and the little stages from which the birds are scared away, all recalled Egypt vividly, though the crops in "this barren and thirsty land where no water is," looked poor and niggard compared with the growth of the

same plants when watered by the ever-flowing and stately Nile.

As we neared Hyderabad the country became less level, and broke into hills composed of boulders of very extraordinary and fantastic forms, piled one on the top of another.

I also observed that the villages were fortified and walled, with, in most cases, a little tower in the centre. A few miles from the town the railway passes a large lake or tank, on the further side of which the roof and minarets of the Chudderghat peeped out of surrounding trees. Of the town itself we could only see a mosque, also, as it appeared, buried in wood.

We were met at the station by the younger son of the late Salar Jung and brother of the present prime minister, who told us that we were to occupy his elder brother's country residence at Bolarum, twelve miles off. We retraced our steps along the tank, passing the station of Secunderabad, and finally arrived at Trinalgheri, the station for Bolarum. We soon found ourselves the occupants of a pretty bungalow, with somewhat Italian decorations, and filled with copies of Italian pictures. I noticed the *Madonna della Seggiola*, Correggio's *La Notte*, a Carlo Dolce, and others.

The Viceroy was established at the English Residency a few hundred yards off, and a very pretty and well-arranged camp, composed of a long street of field-officers' tents, ended by a large durbar tent for dinner, afforded accommodation for sixty or seventy visitors, who were royally entertained by the Nizam, and of the arrangements for whose comfort every one was loud in praise. The next day, Monday, was one of repose for all English visitors except the Viceroy, who exchanged State visits with the Nizam, but one

of anxious and feverish expectation in the court and city, as every one was anxious to know which of three rival claimants—Khoorshed-Jah, Bushir-ud-Dowlah, and Salar Jung—would be raised to the premiership. It is not my intention to enter into Hyderabad politics further than to say that the two former are relatives of the Nizam and each other, and are men advanced in life; the latter is the eldest son of the late Salar Jung, and a young man of twenty-three. The eventful morning at last arrived, and we left Bolarum early. The road was lined with guards at intervals, and as we neared the city, preparations were being made on the most extensive scale for the evening's illuminations. Almost every house was decorated, and we passed under innumerable triumphal arches cleverly made of paper in imitation of stonework. In every direction were loyal mottoes: "God bless the Queen Empress," "Long Live the Empress," "Welcome Lord and Lady Ripon"—in one case, "God send us more Ripons"—the last rather reminding me of the young lady who told George IV. that she wanted to see a coronation! After driving through the long suburb we at length crossed a bridge, on the further side of which rose the walls of Hyderabad. The streets were all kept by guards, and there were few people in them but shop-keepers, who differed little from the ordinary decent-looking Moham-medan of other parts of Southern India. We drove through many streets of two-storied houses, and at last for some distance between blank walls, till we arrived at the palace.

The durbar hall, where the installation was to take place, stands on a flight of steps, and is open to the air. It is supported by square columns of white chunam, and decorated with cut-glass chandeliers, some standing on the ground, others dependent from the ceiling. A yellow carpet led up to the throne, on which were placed two gilt arm-chairs covered with yellow damask, and two chairs were also

placed in front. On the right of the throne were seats for the court and officials of the Nizam—Salar Jung, who had that morning been appointed premier, significantly taking the first place; on the left the Englishmen, among the principal of whom were the Commanders-in-chief of India and of Madras; the British Resident, Mr. Cordery; and the Governor of Madras; behind them were the English ladies. When all were placed the Viceroy and the Nizam arrived. The latter has just concluded a minority of seventeen years. He is below the middle height and slightly made, with handsome regular features, more European than native in character. He wears whiskers and a moustache, and his hair is somewhat longer than is the fashion among young Englishmen. He wore a black coat like an undress uniform, a gold belt with a diamond clasp, and magnificent diamonds on his cap. The Viceroy and he occupied the two chairs below the throne, and the proceedings began by the former making an able and affecting speech on the duties which awaited the young prince, alluding with much feeling to the loss the latter had sustained in the death of the late Salar Jung. He then led the Nizam to the throne, placing him on his right hand. The Nizam replied in a few words, spoken so low that only those very near could hear them. Mr. Durand, the acting Foreign Secretary, then read a Persian translation of the Viceroy's speech, and the Governor of Madras offered his congratulations, as did the two Commanders-in-chief. The khillat, or robe of state, in this instance represented by a jewelled sword, was offered by Lord Ripon to the Maharajah. Further gifts were presented to the chief officers of state. Bushir-ud-Dowlah was conspicuous by his absence, having had an attack of illness on the 4th, from which he did not recover during the Viceroy's visit. We returned to Bolarum for lunch, and late in the day drove out again to be present at the banquet given by

the Nizam to the Viceroy. By this time the lamps were lighted, and the illuminations increased in number and brightness at every step. The whole way along the streets the crowd was kept back by a latticed barrier traced in small lamps. A fountain near the centre of the town was covered with floating lights, and the white walls we had passed down in the morning, no longer dead, were adorned with patterns of light. All, however, that we saw in the town, beautiful as it was, was nothing compared to the sight within the palace, when, after being taken through a long featureless passage, we suddenly came out on a great square with a marble tank in the middle, decorated with dazzling arches and arabesques of light, seeming to realise every fable of Oriental magnificence. From these delicate traceries, which might have been the work of fairies and genii, we turned into a very Parisian suite of rooms, on the further side of which was another great court with another parterre also brilliantly lighted up. We went from the drawing-rooms into the banquetting hall, a long and narrow room, where covers were placed for 150. The menus were printed on yellow satin edged with red fringe. The dinner was like most other good dinners, and the table decorated with gold plate and flowers, like an ordinary European state dinner. The only peculiarity I observed was that the ice plates were made of sugar. After the usual healths had been drunk, we returned to the great court of the palace, where a brilliant series of fireworks took place, designed and executed with the usual skill of natives in such matters. On leaving the city, the great lake just outside it, which had not previously been illuminated, was covered with boats lighted up and with floating lights of every description.

Early the next day we started for the review to be given in honour of the occasion at Secunderabad. The latter boasts the largest parade ground in

India, and is indeed like one's childish ideal of the Desert of Sahara. The Viceroy, accompanied by the Governor of Madras, drove down the ranks in a carriage and four, followed by his staff, and then took up his position at the flagstaff, where he was shortly joined by the Nizam. Four thousand five hundred troops defiled past, of which the elephant batteries of heavy artillery, and the picturesque Lancers of the Hyderabad contingent, with their coloured turbans and light pennons, were the most interesting.

We had been somewhat disappointed with the extremely respectable, but somewhat unpicturesque, appearance of the crowd, as we drove along the streets on our way to the durbar, and were glad to accept an offer made to us of seeing it in a more every-day aspect. We accordingly drove to the bridge leading to the city, and there found six or seven huge elephants awaiting us, each with a howdah on his back like the seat of a mail phaeton. As we waited for our party to collect I watched the crowd go by, and had never perhaps done so with so much interest before, except in that other great Mohammedan centre, Constantinople. The first person I observed was a gentleman sitting on an elephant, in the old-fashioned scarlet howdah of nursery picture-books, scattering copper coins to the crowd; then came three pack elephants, escorted by forty or fifty wild-looking men with guns, knives, and swords; next a palanquin with a well-dressed man reclining in it, who was followed by a servant with a sword. Arabs passed by with long guns, having very thin barrels inlaid with ivory or silver. Then a bullock cart, with a peaked top carefully done up in a cloth, and containing veiled women, went by. Then a fakir, half saint, half beggar, and probably whole rascal, with a high felt cap, and mounted on a wretched pony, with a tin pot on his back, shambling his way among the people. A contrast to him were one or two solid respectable men, in green or scarlet robes, passing

decorously along on handsome cobs as substantial as themselves.

Long before I was weary of watching the ceaseless stream, our party was completed, the gigantic animals knelt obediently down, and we climbed up the ladders that led to their howdahs. I observed when the elephants had risen that we were on a level with the first and top floor of the houses. These latter consisted chiefly of shops, the owners of which sat with pipes, chatting or playing with pet birds on the floor covered with matting or linen. The trades appeared to keep, on the whole, much together, except the flower-sellers, whose piles of roses without stalks and jasmine garlands were scattered here and there, and looked sweet and refreshing in the heat and dust. I particularly observed the bakers' shops. The ovens were cone-shaped holes scooped out of the floor of the shop, and wafered on the sides with the chupatties that were baking. There were a great many shops for arms, some of which were prettily chased and inlaid, but the prices were high, and the work rather coarse.

Looking up the principal street the view was very striking. The great Char-Minar, formerly a college, appearing gigantic by the side of the low houses surrounding it, rose with its four minarets and its graceful pointed arch. Before it, through the street, streamed the crowd with turbans and sashes of all colours, seen through the hot haze of the mid-day sun. The principal market was built round a square, in the centre of which was an extremely pretty garden with fresh green plants, small tanks and fountains, all neat and well kept. After going through the principal street, we turned into unfrequented thoroughfares, where we noticed that the houses had domed projections of a shape I have not seen elsewhere, picturesquely adorned with arabesque mouldings. In some cases there were square projections resembling those of Cairo, but without the beautiful carv-

ing distinctive of that place. Both kinds had their shutters carefully shut, and were apparently used for the women. These last were more kept out of sight than in any town, Mohammedan or other, which I have previously seen. We observed, indeed, but one who appeared to belong to the better class, veiled in white draperies, on a pony. Out of the chief streets everything had the look of dilapidation and decay, characteristic of all suburbs, but specially of those in the east. These were largely occupied by stables for elephants and horses. As we returned to the gate we saw other curious figures, half-naked men with huge bunches of peacock feathers on each side of the head and fantastically disposed round their persons. A dark fierce-looking man, with straggling locks of hair, was telling a story or delivering a sermon as we entered, and still held an attentive and interested audience on our return an hour after. The beggars were numerous, and demanded alms in a hoarse minor drawl which recalled the "Baksheesh Hawajee" of Egypt.

After making the circuit of the city very completely we reached the starting point where we left our elephants, the more inexperienced of us perhaps a little relieved that the novel ride had terminated without accident or adventure. The day concluded with a second banquet given by the British Resident to the Nizam, at which the Viceroy, the Governor of Madras, and the two Commanders-in-chief assisted, also Salar Jung, Khoorshed-Jah, and other members of the Nizam's court.

Mr. Cunningham, the Assistant Resident, kindly sent me a camel from the commissariat department to draw this morning. It had a curious double saddle to carry two men, peaked before, behind, and in the centre, and mounted in steel. The man who accompanied it had the handsome determined type of face very common among the Nizam's soldiers. He wore a dark-green tunic, a scarlet cummerbund, a turban of light and

dark blue with a scarlet tuft, and tawny leather breeches. He and his animal proved most patient models, and he was much delighted with the portraits when they were finished.

Early in the afternoon we started to go to the Meer Allum tank, and on our way called on Mrs. Neville, daughter of Charles Lever, the novelist, and now wife of Major Neville, Commander-in-chief of the Nizam's "reformed troops." We had last seen her in Trieste thirteen years before. Of the joyous party who met on that occasion the three most distinguished, namely, her father, who was the host, Professor Henry Smith, and Mr. W. R. Greg, have all passed away.

Another call was on Captain Clerk, the young Nizam's English tutor. Mrs. Clerk, an Italian lady, showed me some birds, whose cages were folded tightly up in white cotton, and who, thus kept in the dark, sang constantly. The cages were made of very fine wood, with very artistic handles of metal work, and they and the birds are much prized by Mohammedans. I also noticed a stand of arms of really fine native work. After this we skirted the town, passing under the grey walls which were crowded with spectators in many coloured garments ranged in rows below and perched on the battlements above. We at length reached the place of embarkation, a few houses at the side of a lake where two steam launches were lying, and where also was the Nizam with his suite. We were soon followed by the Viceroy with his, and the party put off from the shore. The tank was curiously separated from the lower country by a dyke shaped like a bridge lying on its side, with very deep arches, the work of an English engineer. The scenery was pretty, the shore covered with wooded hills, on one of which was the picturesque tomb of a saint, and the tank itself was dotted with rocky islets, on some

of which tall cranes were sitting statuesquely poised. After steaming about for nearly an hour we returned to the shore, and, after seeing the Viceroy off, and taking leave of the Nizam, had again the pleasure of driving through the city, which did not lose in interest on being seen a second time. We had again occasion to remark the entire absence of any unfriendly feeling. A few years ago an Englishman was unsafe in Hyderabad, and such a ceremony as has just taken place would have been neither wished for nor possible. To-day, however, all this is changed, and the fact that the representative of the Queen came himself to invest the new sovereign with full powers has given profound satisfaction. I was informed by an English lady, who had unusual opportunities of seeing and knowing Mohammedans, that much indignation had been roused among them by the disloyal and unpatriotic tone recently shown towards the English Government by some of the non-official Anglo-Indians in Calcutta, and that they were peculiarly anxious all over India to evince a respectful and loyal feeling. Nothing could certainly exceed the cordiality of the welcome awarded, not only to the Viceroy, but to all the English present, who will long look back to the magnificent hospitality and the thorough consideration for every one's comfort, not only with pleasure at the enjoyment afforded, but with the well-founded hope that the meeting between the English Viceroy and the Mohammedan Nizam at Hyderabad may draw closer those ties which, in spite of difference of race and creed, should exist between the fellow-subjects of a much-loved sovereign, whose aim has always been to appeal not only to the duty and loyalty, but to the good-feeling and the affections, of her subjects.

A. JULIA GRANT-DUFF.

A RENEGADE.

PART II.

CHAPTER III.

HAVING come to San Biagio, as has been seen, for one night, I ended, as the sequel proved, by remaining weeks. The place somehow took my fancy. Despite the grimness of the old walled town there was an idyllic charm about it and its surroundings that grew upon me hourly. The weather too was perfection. The inn, if distinctly the reverse of luxurious, was at all events clean; it was enchantingly free from other guests, while the people from the landlord downwards possessed that ineffable charm of kindly good-will which makes even the very roughest accommodation endurable, so, having no calls of any sort elsewhere, until the weather changed I resolved to remain where I was.

With this view I next morning summoned mine host and inquired into the possibilities of additional accommodation, and in response to my appeal was ushered a few hours later with much pomp into another bedroom with a sitting-room—a room at least without a bed—beyond, which had been hastily cleared out and prepared for me. A primitive little pair of apartments they were truly; their windows opening upon a sort of walled-in court or garden which had found a lodgement for itself in an angle of the walls, its space choked with ragged vines, a plot of maize about the circumference of a table-cloth filling the centre; stacks of faggots leaning about in despondent attitudes against the walls; while above ledges, thick grown with yellow lichens, dangled their tufts of mesembrianthemum, and upon the opposite wall a lady with scarlet cheeks, and brilliant grass-green gown, half obliterated, but still smiling sweetly stood upon a balcony, with a back-ground of star-pointing peaks and

pyramids which fairly put to shame those less ambitious efforts of nature which showed through an opening in the roof beyond.

Despite these and other allurements, my chief attraction at San Biagio was, however, naturally my newly-made acquaintance, young Maclean, whose character and the sequel of whose adventures possessed for me all the charm of an as yet unstudied chapter of romance. I could not help feeling touched too by the evident dependence with which he seemed disposed to cling to me, finding apparently in my chance fellowship a sort of equivalent for those home ties and affections which he had either too hastily abandoned or had possibly never known.

He was not, as I soon discovered, lodging in the hotel, but only coming there for his meals. He had established himself in a couple of rooms in a house which projected from a corner of one of the gates, a modern excrescence thrusting itself with much discordance and unconformability upon the ancient structure, its front painted, in true Ligurian fashion, with such a profusion of doors, arches, and windows as hindered one from giving it credit for even the very limited number of such apertures as it in reality possessed, a ridiculously rickety little balcony, coarsely daubed with already faded green paint, being clamped on to the solid blocks of masonry, which in their day had withstood, it was said, sieges, and whose date (1504) could still be seen between the thin discoloured sticks of the railing.

For Maclean the chief attraction of this abode, I was not long in discovering, lay in the fact that it commanded a corner of the village piazza—that corner where the fountain issued from the wall, and where the maiden

of the tower, whose name was Colomba Zecchi, was in the habit of descending from her aerial abode to fill her water jars, and refresh herself at the same time with a little congenial gossip.

Leaning over the balcony—at some risk of finding oneself precipitated into the street—one saw first a long stretch of fern-fringed wall, ending in the marble statue of some forgotten saint, once upon a time, no doubt, white, but long since yellow with time and damp; beyond, through an archway, a vista of cypresses, straggling two by two, like gloomy excursionists, up the steep hill-side, and for foreground a blacksmith's shop, with family groups of children and grandmothers twirling distaffs, strewed about over the thresholds and pavement.

The fountain, which stood in an angle, was of marble also, the water escaping in a couple of weary jets, as if exhausted with its centuries of work, out of a wall surmounted by the three Medicean balls. Below the shell-like cup, which received the water, though nearly worn away with much attrition, still retained no little of its original fluted grace. Here, from morning till night, the women of the place were always to be seen washing, splashing, shrieking discordantly to one another, filling those classical-shaped jars which form so effective a feature in every North Italian tableau, and carrying it away with them to their homes. It did not seem to make anything or any one one whit the cleaner; indeed the whole town reeked with smells of every variety of pungency, but in itself nothing could be more effective than was the grouping thus afforded. Look when one would, there was always a procession passing to and fro—always a girl, or group of girls, standing under the wall in the same invariable Caryatides attitude, one hand up to steady the jar just poised upon her head, and not seldome Colomba, who doubtless knew the effect of those black brows and

shapely shoulders of hers silhouetted against the pale Carrara marble, just tinged here and there with a hue of red or brownish rust, which had accrued to it in the course of ages. Overhead a row of five orange-trees filled the air with scent, a slender brown brick campanile rising immediately above; and beyond that again other houses, whose walls rose one above the other, with many an excrescence and jutting ledge, and little misshapen, unexpected doors and windows, where women were hanging out washing amid pots of red carnations, while upon the very top of all a house, striped like a puma, flaunted itself audaciously full against the sky.

Not very far from the fountain, under the partial shelter of a vine trellis, a seat had been placed by some thrice-blessed forerunner of the present race, and here I used to seat myself of a morning to smoke my early cigar and see the whole life of the place expanding itself before me. It is wonderful what familiar acquaintanceship one may make under such circumstances with people with whom one has never exchanged a single syllable. Near the church there was a small *collegio convitto*, kept by three stout old priests, to which the brown-cheeked urchins of the place used twice a day to be rung by a cracked bell which hung from the crooked pink campanile. Later on their shrill voices used to reach me as they pattered over their *Aves*, or shrieked their spelling in chorus. A broad flight of steps—broad at least for San Biagio—led to this abode of learning, and upon these steps stretched a small tessellated platform where the three fathers might be seen walking up and down, and refreshing themselves with liberal pinches of snuff between the hours of study.

I had not been a week in the place before all these people appeared to me in the light of familiar acquaintances. I knew their incomings and their outgoings; could tell as well as they could themselves

at what hours they eat their meagre strips of bread, or supped their meagre cups of coffee and minestra. Maclean too would often join me on my bench, and we used to hold high discussions upon every variety of subject. Whenever the fair Colomba appeared upon the scene, he used invariably, however, to spring up, no matter how enthralling might be the matter in hand, and hasten forward to take her jar from her and fill it at the fountain. He also frequently insisted upon carrying it up for her to the top of the steps, wholly regardless of the universal derision aroused by the proceeding, as well as of the fact that whereas she carried it without so much as spilling a drop, he never yet had attained the top without a very considerable proportion of the water dispersing itself over the steps, or finding a lodgment upon his garments. This silent act of love-making accomplished, he would return, and gravely resume the discussion at exactly the same point at which he had left it off.

More often than not these discussions of ours turned upon abstract points, either of ethical or philosophic lore, within whose meshes we entangled ourselves with much mutual satisfaction. It was evident to me that my new acquaintance possessed more than an average share of intelligence, and that, moreover, he had thought out his own views upon most subjects with what, under his circumstances, might almost be said to amount to originality. His ignorance of everything beyond his own contracted circle, hindered him, however, from appreciating the relative value of things, or perceiving where what was personal to himself began, and what was merely the common heritage of all young enthusiastic manhood ended. Everything was coloured and, to a certain extent, warped, too, by that attitude of opposition into which he had been almost unavoidably forced. His enjoyment of his own liberty was still in all the first flush of its novelty, so that he appeared to find it

necessary to be perpetually fingering it in order to make sure that it was actually there. Owing, no doubt, to the long continued repression to which he had been subjected, he had the effect of being always on the look out for disapproval; perfectly resolved not to allow it to influence him; to resent it, if necessary, but still expecting to meet with it at every turn; and to this, no doubt, that pugnacity of demeanour which had come out so strongly upon our first meeting was mainly due.

His long continued dogmatic training seemed to me to be perpetually getting in the way of his newly discovered freedom, now for a time mastered and set aside, but much more often mastering it, and reasserting all its old supremacy. The walls of the sheepfold were well around him still, as was perhaps not least conclusively proved by the innocent pride he took in occasionally leaping over them when he might just as well have gone quietly out by the open door. In discussing points of morals or ethics, he in theory too always advocated the widest and most advanced views, out-running even his own self-elected teachers in the vigour of his denunciations of existing barriers and demarcations of all sorts, advocating with enthusiasm the perfect emancipation of all social relations, the absolute and inalienable right of every man to judge for himself in such matters; the falseness of all existent theories of morality, and the necessity of breaking through the whole artificiality of things, and beginning afresh at the very bottom.

All this, however, I soon discovered was the purest talk, however, like the talk of some enthusiastic girl whose brain has been fired by notions of whose import she entirely fails to see the outcome. His own natural impulses lay exactly in the reverse direction, and that too to an extent I have never met with in any other man. Perpetually in our talks I was struck by the extraordinary innocence, not to say ignorance, which

characterised all his remarks, even to the extent of finding myself toning down all the worst and more aggressive features, from an instinctive feeling of their being somehow or other unfit for his ears.

As became a Highlander, he was a tremendous walker, and in the time we spent together we took a considerable number of walks in each other's company. To the more distant of these expeditions I rode upon a mule—a perverse, yellow-faced animal belonging to our landlord—Maclean striding meanwhile beside, or more frequently far ahead, of me, leaping from crag to crag, his eccentric garments waving in the breeze as he did so. The country around San Biagio is lovely, and the season was the very perfection and quintessence of the spring. Occasionally we used to make a longer expedition for some point, where I would dismount, and we would eat our lunch under the shadow of some tufa rock, or lounge away our day upon the sun-dried grass. It was an innocent sort of life, if not a very exciting one, and I look back to it now with a good deal of half-melancholy pleasure. One afternoon in particular comes back to me, I cannot for the life of me tell why, as nothing at all particularly worthy of note occurred then. We had climbed to the top of a crest, known as the Cima Nera, whose top, bald as the head of some aged vulture, rose above the smiling valley, and carried upon it one of those whitewashed chapels which crown the crest of how many thousand Italian summits. It had been a wild morning, and clouds were still strolling idly along the tops of the opposite hills, now hiding one point, and now revealing another, as they played at bo-peep amongst the ridges. The summit reached, the last half-dozen cypresses left behind, we passed the chapel, whose closed door, blistered with nearly five centuries of sunshine, was studded over with huge black nails, and extended ourselves

luxuriously upon the smooth rocks above. Below us rose a small company of pine trees, old but not large, bent and misshapen rather like creatures that had grown grey in iniquity, and below these again four distinct valleys could be traced, each with its stony, snake-like, all but waterless river bed, each with its small-walled *paese* enveloped in a faint, ghostly cloud of smoke. Opposite, scattered like white pebbles over the slopes, could be seen the tiny box-like habitations in which the inhabitants of the said *paese* passed their summers. As the sun sank, the whole landscape—hills, trees, valleys, water-courses, houses—began to swim and quiver in a faint rose-coloured haze, through which the light, escaping, smote here a jutting cape, there the white sail of a fishing smack, until it finally all merged in the pale roseate glow, concealing and encircling the distant horizon.

Frequently upon these occasions Maclean's tongue used to run upon the perfections of the adorable Colomba. Since my refusal to write to her father we had never seriously discussed the possibility of the marriage, but in his own mind it was evident that the intention was only suspended, not relinquished. What exactly her relations thought of the whole affair I was at a loss to guess; that they at this time regarded his attentions as having any serious importance I do not for a moment believe. I imagine that they simply looked upon poor Maclean as harmlessly demented upon this subject, as by the united consensus of village opinion he had already been pronounced to be upon most others. As regards his own views, there was, however, not the slightest question. He had fallen in love with Colomba, as he had fallen in love with Italy, with the sunshine, with his own emancipation; and despite those fluently latitudinarian views which he occasionally propounded, marriage was evidently the bourne, and the only bourne, towards which his thoughts pointed. Pending that desirable con-

summation he rarely missed his morning attendance at the fountain, undeterred by the very moderate amount of gratitude with which his efforts were rewarded, or by the unfailing derision they evoked amongst the children of the place. It was a very silent act of adoration, since he never, so far as I observed, spoke to her; indeed, his Italian, to the very last hour of our acquaintance, remained in an utterly nebulous condition.

A more serious obstacle was that there was already a rival in the path, a certain Antonino Zecchi, cousin of the fair Colomba, whose father was the proprietor of sundry rice fields in the vicinity, and according to my landlord's report a wealthy man. Six months before this Antonino had scattered dismay amongst his family and his admirers by drawing the fatal number which obliged him to serve in the army, neither prayers, bribes, or even substitutes availing anything in Italy nowadays against that onerous necessity. Latterly, however, he had reappeared upon the scene, the regiment to which he was attached being quartered at Spezia, and on more than one occasion had fluttered the hearts of the maidens of San Biagio, and not least that of his fair cousin Colomba, to whom he paid devoted court, to the intense though necessarily impotent fury of poor Maclean. He was a well-looking youth, this same Zecchi, tall, slim, and dark eyed; his becoming uniform with its natty completeness contrasting with my poor Highlander's wildly heterogeneous garments, which assumed day by day a more and more disorderly and fantastic appearance.

There was a little walk which ran up at the back of our hotel which for me had the merit of being one of the most sheltered in all the neighbourhood, and for Maclean that in its upper portion it commanded a complete view of the house which contained his divinity. Escaped from the town it struggled through vineyards and olive woods; now shut in by

hedges climbed over by that large-flowered white cistus which here usurps the place of the dog-roses; now overshadowed by roughly-put-together colonnades, red, green, and blue, of the fashion that Italy loves. Below, tall lupins, white or pale blue, rose knee deep, nearly strangling the half-grown vines, which only succeeded in clambering beyond their reach by the aid of small stakes to which they were tied.

Along this path Maclean and I were wont to stroll in the cool of the evening, satiating our eyes on that most incomparable of landscapes. The bay, white under the flail of the sirocco, or striped with purple streaks stretching diagonally over the blue; the long line of mountains rising one behind the other, the first set green and brown, the next blue, last of all the grey of the Carraras rising skywards in all their rock-hewn distinctness, their sides aglitter with what to a stranger would have seemed to be snow, but which was to our knowledge marble.

One evening we had gone higher than usual and were returning homewards over the stone-set path—very hard and pointed those stones I remember were too—past clambering vines and shapeless forgotten fragments of masonry; past the half-destroyed tower of Boboli, the base of which bulged outwards nearly blocking up the pathway; winding in and out of the unkempt maize-fields; dropping from terrace to terrace and over the dry beds of streams; Maclean, as usual, always ahead, looking back and encouraging me onward. As we came out upon the last of the lower summits we both of us paused by mutual impulse. Below us lay San Biagio, its brown roofs so near that it seemed as if they might be touched. Where we were the projecting ledge above overshadowed us, but below the path was flooded with sunset light, which rippled impartially over the patched roofs and over the lupins and vetches and sunflowers in the vineyards; over the

boats curtsying placidly in the little harbour; finally over three or four couples who were promenading about upon the bit of walk which stretched nearly at right angles to where we were then standing.

The whole scene wore the most unmistakably operatic aspect. The figures passed on below us two by two; one of the women was singing; several of the couples had their arms round one another's waists. As we stood there we saw one of the men suddenly stoop and kiss his partner, who thereupon smote him upon the arm with an air of very mild and placable displeasure.

Maclean seemed to get quite drunk upon the sunshine, upon the idyllic beauty of the scene, upon the somewhat trite and bucolic romance on which we were thus the involuntary intruders. "Look at that," he exclaimed excitedly; "who would believe that we were in the same world as where I come from? What nature! What grace! Could anything be more innocent, more perfectly harmless? and yet, you know, they"—jerkng his thumb backwards over his shoulder—"would think it dreadful, horrible, heinous; they would believe they were one and all going straight down to the bottomless pit! Fools! dolts! idiots! fanatics!" Presently another couple came out of one of the houses and joined the promenaders. These two had not their arms round each other's waists, nor were they even arm-in-arm, nevertheless they walked with a certain self-conscious air which proclaimed them to be lovers, in *posse* at all events, if not in *esse*. Nor did it take very long to recognise them. Even in San Biagio, renowned for the beauty of its women, there were not many forms that could be mistaken for that of the stately Colomba, while in the figure beside her I recognised that tall and military-looking cousin whose advent had lately fluttered the dovescofs of the vicinity. Poor Maclean's face fell; his head drooped upon his breast; and he hardly uttered another word before we reached our inn.

No. 294.—VOL. XLIX.

CHAPTER IV.

I FIND myself lingering unwarrantably over this portion of my tale, but the truth is that even at this distance of time I shrink from once again approaching to the inevitable finale. For about another fortnight our life at San Biagio continued much as I have described it. Maclean and I walked, talked, and disputed amicably together; together we sailed along the coast, and together explored peaks and valleys, churches and monasteries until nothing, we flattered ourselves, or nothing in any degree noteworthy in the neighbourhood, remained by us unvisited. Never before or since have I met any one in whom the enthusiasm for nature so preponderated. His passion for beauty, for colour, for every form of innocently sensuous enjoyment, showed indeed in every word and act, the greatest peculiarity of all perhaps being that instead of having in his case been elaborately cultivated, wrought up to the highest attainable pitch by example and instigation, it had apparently grown-up against all training, and in opposition to everything held out to him as laudable or commendable, fighting its way as it were to the surface by sheer force of its own inherent vigour. At every turn he seemed to be expecting to find surprise, and even something very like contempt in response to the most candid, nay, the most obvious, expressions of enthusiasm in the harmoniousness of things, the blue skies, the green earth, the various scenic effects of his surroundings.

"And what, my dear Maclean, do you imagine that people as a rule come to Italy for, if you are the very first man that ever cared for scenery?" I used sometimes laughingly to ask him.

It spoke volumes too, I thought, for the repression and lack of congenial fellowship which had hitherto encompassed his life that I really think, during the short time we were together, the poor fellow grew to be positively fond of me. This may have

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partly come from the fact that he looked upon me as a perfect mine or reservoir of information, particularly as regards everything that was to be known, guessed, or suspected about his fellow-creatures, the lightest hint in this direction being received by him as a sort of revelation, a stimulative and suggestive peep into the untravelled regions of the unsuspected. Now, although I have been a good deal about the world, I cannot say that I flatter myself I have seen very much more than my neighbours, or that my knowledge of men and things is of any extravagantly profound or exhaustive character. To Maclean, however, my experiences were evidently unique. Not Faust with Mephistopheles, or Telemachus at the feet of Minerva, ever drank in lore with keener avidity, or gave wider credence to the marvels retailed by his mentor. To say that he was unsophisticated is to fail in expressing a quarter of the fact; indeed how any human being could have contrived to come to man's estate so profoundly, so touchingly ignorant of the world, its ways, thoughts, and doings, was a matter of ceaseless surprise to me. Having said so much I am bound for my own credit's sake to add that I do not think his innocence suffered any very serious detriment at my hands. If I did him no good I at least did him no harm, and that is a good deal to say for one whose very guilelessness made him all the more susceptible naturally of adverse impressions.

About the middle of this month of April young Zecchi, the cousin, disappeared from the scene, his regiment having been ordered away from Spezia, so that Maclean was no longer tormented by the sight of a rival basking in those seraphic eyebeams from which he remained inexorably shut out. He had found a means of communicating, too, which was another and an even deeper source of solace to him. An old Franciscan monk, the

solitary survival of a whilom well-peopled monastery, spoke Latin after his fashion, and to him by aid of this medium he was able to communicate his desires, entreating him to convey them in due form to the father of his *inamorata*. This, apparently, was done, since several interviews I learnt took place between the elder Zecchi and my love-lorn friend. Although I have never actually been informed as to what occurred at these conferences I have every reason to believe that a species of bargain was entered upon, and that if Maclean succeeded in producing guarantees as to the really solid and satisfactory nature of his possessions, the other upon his part promised not to withhold those means of persuasion with which Italian fathers and mothers are generally sufficiently well provided.

These negotiations, and the arrangements to which they gave rise, naturally took up a good deal of my young friend's time, so that our walks and talks were to a great degree suspended, and I began as a consequence to get not a little bored with San Biagio, and to bethink me of once again resuming the disconnected thread of my journey. One morning towards the latter end of the month, not having seen Maclean throughout the whole of the preceding day, I walked over to his lodgings, and making my way up stairs tapped at his bedroom door.

"Come in, d— you, whoever you are," was the answer, delivered in a tone of the most vehement and vindictive energy.

Although this was hardly perhaps to be called an encouraging invitation, I nevertheless took advantage of it so far as to open the door.

Inside I found Maclean striding up and down the narrow space in a perfect frenzy of excitement, the hot spring sunshine penetrating every corner, and filling the narrow room with its potent presence. Everything was in the wildest confusion. A pile of linen, evidently destined for the washerwoman, lay tumbled upon a chair;

note-books and sketching materials were scattered confusedly hither and thither; a vase of wild flowers which had been mounted upon a bracket was lying overturned and disconsolate upon the floor.

"Good heavens! You, Mr. Smith! I beg ten hundred thousand pardons," he exclaimed in a tone of dismay. "Need I say that I never dreamt for a single instant that it was you! In fact I never thought of its being any one that understood English. To tell the truth, I do sometimes relieve my soul by a malediction or two when I am perfectly certain that there is no one who understands me within hearing, and this morning the people of this house have been more exasperating even than usual. As if it wasn't bad enough to have them dashing in when one only wants to be left in peace, they have taken lately to rapping violently at the door, and then when I go to it to see what they want I find that they have run off somewhere, heaven knows where, and forgotten all about it! The fact is, I believe they honestly think here that I'm demented. At least this morning I distinctly heard two of the women whispering to each other '*Pazzo, pazzo*,' whenever I appeared, and I know that *pazzo* means mad."

As I looked at Maclean I own I could not feel surprised at these suspicions, however unjust or injurious. A more singular figure than his at that moment it would be difficult to conceive. His parti-coloured garments seemed to have grown less instead of more at unison with one another during their long companionship; a pair of blue spectacles decorated his nose, his original colossal straw hat his head; while his pockets were swollen with half folded maps, yard measures, note-books, and other heterogeneous gear which protruded from them in all directions.

"Where in the world are you off to in such a hurry?" I inquired. "Are you going to give me the slip as you did your relations, and disappear suddenly into space?"

"No, no, nothing of the sort, I assure you. I've got some business to do to-day though—an appointment to keep," and he nodded his head vaguely in the direction of the Carrara Mountains.

"An appointment?"

"Yes—that is, some one that I've arranged to meet me. Don't ask me anything about it though now, please, as I ought to be off. This evening when I come back you shall hear all." And before I had time to formulate another question he had made a dash at the remainder of his possessions, and, darting down stairs, turned hurriedly up the street in the direction of the station.

It was six o'clock when he returned. The weather had meanwhile changed, and a cold fine rain was falling dismally over everything. I had passed a solitary and a somewhat disconsolate day, and had now definitely made up my mind that my start for Florence could certainly not be delayed beyond the next but one. In fact, I was actually engaged in writing a note to a certain hotel-keeper there of my acquaintance, ordering rooms to be prepared for me, when I heard the impetuous tramp of my friend's feet resounding noisily upon the carpetless staircase.

"Well, what do you think I have been doing *now*?" he exclaimed as he burst into the room and flung his dripping hat upon my writing-table.

"That is exactly what I am waiting to learn," I answered.

"I have been buying a castle."

"Buying a castle?" I repeated, rising to my feet in the extremity of my astonishment. "And what has induced you to do that, if I might venture to ask?"

"Wait till you have seen it and you will not need to ask then!" he cried exultingly. "Or stay, I believe you have seen it, though only at a distance. Do you remember the day we went up to the top of Cima Nero, our wondering what a thing could be that looked something like a clump of

trees, something like a lighthouse, and something like an elephant upon a pedestal?"

"Perfectly."

"Well then, that is it. That's the castle I have bought."

"You haven't paid for it, have you?"

"I have though. Half the purchase-money at least."

"Then your next amusement, I suppose, will be to trying to find some one weak enough to take it off your hands," I observed. "Unless, of course, you propose to marry Colomba and settle down there for the remainder of your days," I added jocosely.

"That is exactly what I *do* propose doing."

I shrugged my shoulders. "In that case I have no more to say. The habitation will be thoroughly worthy of its inmates!"

Maclean looked hurt.

"You never will realise how entirely my heart is set upon this," he said in a tone of mortification.

"Perhaps not. Perhaps, too, it would be all the better if you didn't always realise it yourself either. Meanwhile, about this astonishing castle of yours. What is it to cost you, may I ask?"

He recovered his exuberance in an instant.

"That's the best of the whole joke," he exclaimed. "I got it for—but you'll never guess; an *enormous* castle, mind you, with walls four feet thick. It stood three sieges in the fifteenth century, and was only taken at last because the garrison were reduced to eating up their own boots. It covers the entire top of a hill itself over three hundred feet high, with a view—such a view from the top over the whole of the Carrara mountains!—perfectly splendid! And I've bought the entire thing out and out, castle, hill, view and all, for—what do you think?"

"A hundred pounds perhaps," I said.

He looked disgusted; probably he had expected me to say at least a thousand.

"Eighty-five!" he cried. "Two thousand one hundred and twenty-five francs!"

"And is it habitable?"

He laughed.

"I only wish you could see it! Why of course it is not habitable, if you mean that there are no chairs and tables in it. In fact in many places it hasn't any floors for them to stand upon. As far as I can gather it has never been occupied since the last time it was besieged, and that was somewhere about the beginning of the seventeenth century, after the battle of Parva, you know. An old fellow in the village who keeps the keys told me all about it. But bless you, the furniture is only a detail. I'll easily get all that shipshape, you'll see. As it is I've turned a couple of carpenters in, and set them to work at patching up the floors."

"Then you really do seriously propose going and living there?"

"Seriously—most seriously and solemnly!"

"And marrying Colomba?"

"And marrying Colomba—that is, if old Zecchi thinks I'll do him for a son-in-law, which I have still to learn. I'm now off to Padre José, in fact, to get him to display my purchase before him in properly glowing colours."

And he picked up his hat to depart.

"I don't think you need cherish any uneasiness upon that score," I retorted irascibly; but he was already half way down the stairs.

I was right. Old Zecchi apparently did regard a mediæval castle with walls four feet thick as something definite, for the next morning Maclean burst in again, this time to inform me in a tone of triumphant glee that he was engaged, positively engaged to Colomba. That the wedding was to be as soon as the necessary formalities could be gone through—in short immediately.

"How about the cousin?" I inquired; but he was far too exultant to heed any such insinuations.

That was all nonsense, pure moon-

shine, he informed me. Padre José and old Zecchi assured him positively that she had never really cared a straw about him. It was nothing in the world but a boy and girl liking, magnified by the senseless gossip of the place into something serious. I said I was glad to hear it, but that if he expected me to congratulate him he might make up his mind at once to be disappointed; he already knew my opinion upon the matter, and so far I had seen no reason at all to modify it. My words, however, fell like idle drops upon the fire of his ardour, rather seemed to cause it, if anything, to burn the brighter. Later on in the same day I had the advantage, in common with almost all San Biagio, of seeing the newly-betrothed pair walking side by side along the piazza, escorted by old Zecchi himself, in a long green coat of antique make, apparently reserved for such solemnities. What the girl's own private feelings on the subject were I have never been able to discover. Probably, like most of her countrywomen, she looked upon marriage as a matter in which it was not to be expected that she would have any voice of her own, and that therefore it was just as well to submit with a good grace as not to the inevitable. She was a stupid, stolid creature in my opinion, as much below the average Italian *contadina*, I thought, in intelligence as she certainly was above her in beauty, the stately classicality of the latter giving even to her stupidity something of the sublimely statuesque air of those immortals to whom the imagination of her lover so frequently compared her.

I told Maclean that I should certainly leave San Biagio upon the next day but one, having at last written definitely to Florence to order rooms. He tried to dissuade me, but finding that I was obdurate, desisted, saying that we should in any case shortly meet again, as after his marriage he intended visiting both Florence and Rome. I own that I felt thoroughly disgusted with the turn affairs had taken. Up

to the last few days I had really never looked upon this preposterous fancy of his as in the least likely to result in anything serious. Now, however, that it was not merely serious, but imminent, I took myself to task for my previous supineness. Instead of contenting myself with merely laughing off the whole affair, I should have done far better to take it in hand and endeavour, if possible, to argue Maclean out of a fancy which, however little he might choose to believe it now, he was destined, it seemed clear to me, to expiate in a lifetime of unavailing regrets.

Meanwhile, for the moment, he was evidently basking in a paradise of supreme content, which not even the difficulty of communicating his sentiments to the adored one seemed able in the least to diminish. As if to show me, too, that the adverse attitude I had taken up was powerless to impair his regard, he was more than usually affectionate, every moment he could spare from his betrothed being spent in my society. The afternoon which preceded my intended departure for Florence was a lovely one, and he proposed that we should go for a final sail along the coast, a proposal to which I willingly consented, though a minute afterwards I would gladly have rescinded my promise on finding that the fair *Colomba* was to be of the party, a female cousin accompanying her to do propriety. Not liking to play the churl, however, especially as it was my last day, I said nothing, and having returned to the inn for a couple of wraps prepared to follow the others to the shore.

As I was hastily descending the steep path which led to the sea I noticed a young man with a cloak gathered closely about his face, who glared at me malevolently as I passed. It struck me that I had seen him somewhere or other before, but not being able at the moment to recollect where, and being already rather late, I hurried on without thinking very much more about the matter.

I found Maclean and his two companions standing rather disconsolately upon the shore. All the boats, it appeared, had gone away for the fishing except one belonging to a cross-grained old fellow named Paolo Botti, whose boat we had hitherto steadily avoided, it and its owner bearing both of them the worst of reputations along the coast. Evidently the old fellow was perfectly enchanted to catch us in this dilemma. Having first demanded three times his fare, which Maclean, however, agreed to pay, he next announced that it was impossible for him to sail without another man to assist him. In vain we remonstrated, in vain Maclean offering to do whatever was required. No, another man he must have, or the signori might stay at home—it was all one to him.

While we were still debating the point, the same young man I had noticed upon the hillside appeared in sight, strolling leisurely along the narrow path. Him old Paolo promptly hailed, and after a minute's hesitation he came forward, his cloak still shading his face. Hearing what was required, he at once consented to join the party, and stepping on board held out his hand so as to assist us to embark.

As he was in the act of assisting Colomba to her seat, I noticed that the girl suddenly started violently, and seemed for a moment as if she would have drawn back. She changed her mind, however, instantly, stepping carefully over the dirty thwarts and seating herself near the stern, Maclean assiduously spreading out a cloak for her, while I and the female cousin took up our places in the bows.

There was hardly any wind, a few puffs now and again ruffling the surface for a minute, dimming rather than breaking the absolute faithfulness of the reflections. Old Paolo, however, insisted upon setting up a sail, though evidently more for appearance' sake and to save himself the trouble of rowing than anything else. The big ungainly thing flapped and

flapped and swayed aimlessly from side to side—did anything, in fact, except assist us in our locomotion. Fortunately we were in no particular hurry. The sun had by this time ceased to be disagreeable; the pine-wooded points, below which we were slowly drifting, showed delightfully fresh and green, so that it did not seem worth while to any of us to insist upon a more rapid progression.

Complaining that the bottom of the boat was wet, Colomba had seated herself upon the extreme edge, with her feet resting upon the plank which supported Maclean. Had there been the slightest wind it would have been a somewhat perilous position; but the boat was moving along so slowly that one might have almost stood in safety tiptoe upon the taffrail.

The sleepy motion favoured drowsiness. There was absolutely nothing to do; the female cousin was not conversationable; the speechless love-making at the other end of the boat was, to a looker-on at all events, far from lively; so that I found myself gradually drifting into a reverie, which threatened to merge, in its turn, into something deeper.

Glancing once, half dozing, across the boat, I noticed that Maclean had drawn from his pocket a small cardboard box, which had arrived, I knew, that morning by post, and was presenting the contents of it to Colomba, who responded with a big stare of satisfaction out of her stupid black eyes, and a murmur, presumably of gratitude, which failed to reach me where I sat. I had already turned away again with a feeling half of amusement, half of pity, and something very like contempt for his infatuation, when all at once the young fellow who had joined us on the beach, and who had also appeared to be more than half asleep at the bottom of the boat, sprang to his feet with a violent execration, and, scrambling over the planks to the other end of the boat, thrust himself between the girl and Maclean. As he did so I recognised

him. It was, of course, young Zecchi, the cousin, no longer, however, in his trim uniform, his handsome dark face distorted with passion, his white teeth gleaming like those of a wild beast. Evidently whatever docility or indifference Colomba herself might regard that destiny which had consigned her to another had no place here. The old traditional Italian spirit was wide awake, and he was prepared to contest the matter, if need be, to the dagger's point.

What happened next I cannot really undertake to say positively, the sail having got between me and the group around the helm. Whether Zecchi in his anger actually pushed the girl, or whether she was merely frightened by his violence into losing her balance, certain it is that Colomba suddenly fell over the edge with a violent scream, and a heavy splash into the water.

In an instant all was confusion. I saw Maclean deal his rival a blow which made him stagger back several paces. The next moment he had himself sprung overboard, had seized the girl, and was swimming rapidly back with her to the boat.

There were only a very few yards to go, so that the danger appeared over. Already Colomba was being helped over the side, and Maclean was just preparing to follow her, when, by some extraordinary piece of inadvertence or almost inconceivable stupidity, old Paolo suddenly allowed the sail to fall upon the deck, and as it did so a spar, swinging loosely to one side, struck Maclean a violent blow over the head, who thereupon suddenly released his hold, and sank backwards without a word into the sea.

A minute afterwards I was myself overboard, and vainly endeavouring to reach him. It is always asserted that a man who has once swam can always swim if he tries, but certainly my own experience upon this occasion is utterly against the theory. As a boy I had managed at least to keep afloat, but now, when every-

thing depended upon my doing so, it seemed as if some inexorable force were dragging me slowly but relentlessly down. Do what I would I did not appear to myself to be making the smallest way. My boots, which I had forgotten to kick off, tugged at me as if a hundred tons of lead had been attached to my heels. The smooth, glittering surface seemed mocking my frantic struggles, and with the voice of a thousand cataracts sounded around me, and a wild cry of impotence which rang despairingly through my own ears, I found myself sinking, sinking, sinking down into green depths untroubled by any of that commotion which had so suddenly distracted the surface.

When I came to myself I was lying upon a small bed in a narrow white-washed room. My eyes, in opening, rested upon a red check curtain, which some kindly, if inexpert, hand had pinned across the window, and from above and below which fiery splinters of sunset light were still pouring. There was a faint smell of orange or lemon blossom, mingled with the distinct and tarter odours of the sea. I could see the black tracery of a vine trellis moving slowly backwards and forwards, its shadow painted now lighter and now darker upon the curtain. Murmurs, too, of voices reached my ears from time to time, but whether they came from the house itself, or from some road without, I could not in the least distinguish.

At first all these trifles absorbed my mind entirely, but of the scenes of the last few hours I remembered absolutely nothing. Suddenly my eyes wandering vacantly round, fell upon a yellow object close at hand. It was Maclean's big straw hat that I had laughed at a thousand times and which he had flung aside I remembered before springing from the boat.

Instantly the whole of the recent drama rushed back again upon my mind, and I made a violent effort to rise, but found that my head still swam, so that I had speedily to desist from the attempt. A woman, appa-

rently upon the look out for my movements, entered the room, and to her I immediately appealed.

"The young Englishman, my friend, where is he?" I stammered.

She flung up her hands with a loud cry—

"Eh, *Dio, Dio!* the poor signore! *Dio, Dio!*" she wailed.

"Is he *dead*?" I asked; though even as I said the words I already knew the answer.

Again the woman wailed, and rocked herself significantly to and fro.

"Is he—has he been found?" I next inquired.

"*Sì, sì, sì!*" Not at first, though; not until other boats had been sent out. The poor gentleman had been carried a long way by the current, they said. The doctor had already seen him, she believed, upon the shore. They were bringing him up now to the next house.

Even while she was still speaking I could hear indeed a sound of footsteps drawing slowly nearer. First a distant scraping over the shingle; then a shuffling of many feet moving along close together; then a halt; then another advance, followed by a whispered sound of voices not far off; then a total cessation of all sounds for several minutes, after which, one by one, I heard the steps coming slowly shuffling out into the road again.

My clothes had been taken away to dry, but now I insisted upon their being brought to me, and my being left alone to dress. All the while I was trying to do so I was pursued by a strange, an almost overpowering, sense of unreality. I knew, of course, perfectly well that he was dead, and yet it seemed as if at any minute the door might fly open, and Maclean himself—buoyant, excited, full of life, health, and spirits as he had been that afternoon—rush in to tell me it was all a dream; that he had never been drowned at all; that I had been imposed upon. He was not dead—no, not a bit of it; quite the contrary. How I left one house and reached the next I cannot

even now distinctly remember. I have an impression of passing through a crowd of people gathered about the doorway, and of women crying and making way for me. He whom I came to see was lying flat upon his back just as he had been set down by the bearers. The blow which the spar had made when it fell was plainly visible in a large dark scar across his forehead, otherwise his face had the pallid, deadly, almost frozen hue common I believe to those who die by drowning. I must have been still light-headed, I suppose, for all the while I stood there that same strange sense of unreality never left me for a single instant. Although I was actually gazing at him lying there stark and cold before me, it seemed to me all the while as if he was still alive somewhere—not there; that he would presently reappear, and all would be as it had been; nor was it until I had turned away, and had seen the sea, and the long grey line of coast still faintly touched here and there with a residue of the sunset light, that the whole miserable truth suddenly burst upon me at once.

A large crowd of people were still standing about the door when I came out, amongst whom I rather think was Zecchi the younger, but if so he had at least the grace to vanish instantly. Old Paolo, the boatman, on the contrary, the moment I appeared, hastened forward with loud outcries of virtue and innocence, swearing and protesting that *he* at least had not been to blame; he had done everything that mortal man could do to avert the catastrophe; he had put the boat about; he had thrown a rope overboard; he had got himself drenched to the very skin in the process; he and Zecchi had saved my life between them, and had done all that was humanly possible to save my friend's.

I broke away without listening to any of his explanations. What was the use of it all? What matter whose fault it was? Was he not—

were they not both of them for the matter of that—standing up there alive and safe, unhurt by so much as a scratch, and my poor friend—kindest, brightest, simplest, most lovable of created beings—dead, stone dead in the prime of his youth? Poor Maclean! poor fellow! so good, so guileless, so clever, so foolish! Such a child in his simplicity, such a poet in his enthusiasm! Why should he be dead, I thought, he who had been so very much alive? "Heartless things are said and done in the world, and many worms and beasts and men live on, but he is dead."

CHAPTER V.

It turned out upon inquiry that poor Maclean had left a will drawn out only the very day before that fatal evening's expedition. An oddly expressed document it was—half English, half Latin, having been mainly concocted by the aid of his friend, the Franciscan, but it seemed likely to prove quite as legally binding as many a more orthodoxly worded one—such at least was the opinion of a notary to whom I submitted it. Of course the main object for which it was penned was to secure a provision for Colomba in case of her betrothed dying (as in fact had happened) before their wedding day. Of minor bequests there was only one, and that one, as I was profoundly touched to find, was a legacy of a couple of hundred pounds to myself—as a slight acknowledgment, the will said, for much kindness received. But for the catastrophe which had so disastrously terminated our friendship I should in all probability never have heard a word of this, since in the natural course of things poor Maclean was destined to outlive me many and many a day.

Not a little to my dismay I found too that I was asked to be executor, a trust which necessarily detained me a few days longer upon a scene from

which I would otherwise gladly have escaped. My first care had been to telegraph to the relations, stating the tragedy that had occurred, and requesting to know if any of them intended coming out, or if not, whether they had any directions to give me. No answer, however, was returned to this, and to a letter written at the same time I received in due course of time a coldly-worded but perfectly civil response, begging that any effects belonging to their late relative might be immediately despatched to them in Scotland.

As a matter of fact, there were no effects, unless his old clothes or the straw hat was to be counted, or a broken compass, which latter, by the way, I feloniously assigned to myself. There was more money, however, than I had any idea he possessed. Of this the landed property—worth something over five hundred a year—was duly left to his Scotch kindred, the newly-purchased castle and a not inconsiderable sum in the funds to Colomba, the two hundred pounds before mentioned to myself, and that was all, the whole will, including some circumlocutions evidently put in by the friar, did not cover more than half a sheet of foolscap.

Anxious to bring my painful duties to an end as soon as possible, I arranged the very day after the funeral to make an expedition to the castle, in order to find out whether there was anything that had to be seen to there before I left. To do this the usual way was to take the train to the next station, but on this occasion I preferred driving, so hired a carriage to take me the whole way.

The last few days had been wet and cold, while this one was oddly capricious—chilling showers of rain alternating with flashes of almost overpoweringly hot sunshine. Long before we had reached our destination I could see the gaunt walls of poor Maclean's preposterous purchase rising in feudal fashion over the surrounding country, and when I reached the little

village where the horse and chaise had to be left, it seemed to be dominating everything and every one to an insolent and even, as I thought, a reprehensible extent.

Certainly if the poor dear fellow had desired to sell his soul for the picturesque he could hardly have succeeded better! This castle of his was one of those gaunt old piles of lichen-stained limestone which meet the traveller here and there in this portion of the Apennines. Clambering up from the village, preceded by a much-patched functionary, carrying in his hand a key large enough to have unlocked the very portals of Hades, I found myself gradually coming nearer and nearer to its base, the great unplastered walls, relieved by scarcely a window, towering overhead, a stray tuft or two of red valerian or purple snapdragon which had found a lodgment for itself in the masonry the only alleviation to its grim uncouth bulk.

Inside confusion reigned paramount. The floor was belittered with shavings; tressels set up to enable the workmen to cut some wood into planks, were standing just as they had been left when the news of the owner's death brought the hardly begun work of renovation to a standstill. Everything in this part of the building wore an aspect of such utterly hopeless chaos that I very soon left it in despair, and scrambling up the wide mortar-strewn staircase, and through a sort of stone trap-door above, found myself suddenly out upon the roof or central terrace of the castle, a wide grass-grown space as flat and nearly as spacious, as many a town square.

The view here was certainly magnificent, enough so to excuse a little æsthetic vertigo. What had reached us as cold rain at San Biagio had fallen as snow upon the mountains, the great serrated backbone of the Carraras rising in a succession of snowy peaks and precipices, divided each from each by long dark lines showing where streams had already torn their way through this wintry

covering. Below, one looked directly down upon the little vassal village, nestling at the foot of the hill, its small ribbed roofs ranged in a sort of concentric pattern around the pink and brown campanile; the whole clustered so thickly upon a narrow tongue of land which jutted out between two streams that a single line of osiers, in all the freshness of their new spring dress, seemed the only things that had found room between the houses and the water. Purple orchids and pale dishevelled looking vetchlings were struggling to get their heads above the long grass growing thick and rank over the stones at my feet, while a few bushes of broom, laden with brilliant canary-coloured blossom, tossed and flaunted themselves audaciously in the corners, thereby giving a jocund and spring-like air to the grim, sullen-looking mountain of masonry around.

Nothing lovelier, nothing more inspiring than the scene above, nothing gloomier or more depressingly unsightly than the one within. Four rectangular towers of irregular shape surrounded this central block, and connecting each of these ran four narrow passages, out of whose discoloured sides there oozed a perpetual drip. Every stone was coated with fungi and slimy blotches of liverwort; overhead the copings were ragged with stalactites—evidently the growth of ages—upon whose points, projecting like gargoyles, the drops gathered and fell slowly, forming a broad oleaginous deposit upon the pavement below. The whole place reeked hideously of damp; an ancient smell, compounded of mould, dry-rot, and bygone horrors of all sorts, clung to it like a garment, even the sun which beat all day upon its walls, or the wild west winds which must in winter-time visit every hole and corner of the structure, seeming to have been powerless even to dissipate or to subdue its potency.

Tired of prowling aimlessly about I once more ascended from the bottom of the keep to the very top, and leaning over the battlements stood watch-

ing the swallows skimming buoyantly around me. Once a hawk showed itself for a moment, swooping nearly to the edge of the parapet, and darting away again in undisguised astonishment when it perceived my presence. Below, in the bed of the stream, women and girls were busy spreading out clothes upon the sand to dry, the osiers throwing a broken tremulous shadow across them and across the brown pools where the frogs were croaking lustily. Presently a little chaise containing three people, two men and a woman, drove up and stopped in the middle of the market place. The men got down and helped the woman—who wore, I noticed, a brilliantly red shawl—to descend; then all three began mounting the steep path towards the castle. As they came nearer I recognised them. They were Colomba, her father, and young Zecchi the cousin. The heiress had come to inspect her possessions!

It may have been, and I have no doubt it was, very contemptible indeed upon my part, but I felt that it was simply impossible for me to wait there and face them; so, rapidly descending the stairs, I hastily gained the gate of the castle before they had time to reach it. Then leaving the regular pathway to the right, I scrambled in a sufficiently breakneck and ignominious fashion down the hill to the village; pounced upon my driver, much to the disgust of that gentleman, and announced that I should require the carriage in ten minutes. Then, still in terror of an accidental encounter, I walked on to where a long low bridge crossed the two streams, and stood looking over the parapet into the water.

A slight shower was falling, but the sun still shone brightly at intervals. The women I had seen from above were still walking about the river bed, occasionally stooping to pick up a handful of linen; their shadows ludicrously distorted, now hugely distended, now enormously elongated, as

they alternately bent or stood upright. Everywhere the fantastic light was appearing and disappearing. Here shining fiercely upon the small red or yellow pergolas crowded along the river edge; there catching upon a balcony, or beaming like a new decoration upon the headgear of a mule. All at once it blazed upon a conspicuous spot of colour which had just appeared upon the top of the castle. It was the red shawl of the heiress, who had now attained to precisely the same station occupied by me a little earlier; nay, even at this distance I fancied that I could discern that statuesque turn of the shoulders which had so fatally bewitched my poor friend's impetuous fancy.

With a hasty malediction I turned again, and sped along the road heedless of where I was going. What fatality had ever brought him within sight or ken of her? I thought vindictively. What still greater fatality could have ever put it into his head to fall in love with that handsome vulgar piece of stupidity? Even for my own share of the tragedy I could not forbear throwing a stone at the fates as I went. When a man has attained to what an Italian saying calls the middle floor of life, his love of change, his capacity for friendships, for new experiments of all sorts, grows blunted and limited. The shadows close in; the autumnal mists descend. In the youth and lightheartedness of my new friend I had thought, perhaps flattered myself, that I for a while, at any rate, had grown also younger and more lighthearted. Now he was gone, and the old shadows made themselves even more conspicuously seen and felt than heretofore. The world henceforward promised, I felt, to be a duller, greyer, less cheerful place of residence, wanting that youth, strength, vitality, exuberance, which was lost to it and to me for ever when Donald Maclean died.

E. L.

AN OXFORD COLLEGE UNDER JAMES I. AND CHARLES I.

THE seventeenth century, so memorable in the history of the nation and of Oxford, also contributes some eventful chapters to a collegiate biography of Merton. When it opened, Queen Elizabeth still occupied the throne; the University was obsequiously loyal; and Merton basked in the sunshine of Court favour under the genial and scholarlike rule of Sir Henry Savile. When it closed, after witnessing the Great Rebellion and the only English Revolution, the Stuart dynasty had come and gone; William III. was reigning by a title the very reverse of Divine Right; the University, after being distracted by the Civil War, and the Parliamentary Visitation, had become a stronghold of Tory reaction; and Merton College, reverting to its older and more liberal traditions, was a nursery of Whig principles, as they were understood in that age. The contemporary annals preserved in the College Register, travelling over the gravest historical incidents, and the pettiest details of household economy with a sublime official disregard of proportion, enable us to realize in some degree the part taken by Merton in the great national drama; and at the same time remind us how little a corporate society, with an inner life of its own, may be affected by storms which shake the whole fabric of Church and State.

During the last twenty years of Savile's Wardenship, embracing nearly the whole reign of James I., little occurred to disturb the tranquillity of the University, or of the College. The former was sadly wasting its recovered vigour in barren controversies between the Calvinistic or Puritan school, represented by Lawrence Humphrey and John Prideaux, both Regius Professors of Divinity, and

the Arminian or Ritualistic school, headed by the celebrated William Laud, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. It is in 1606 that we first meet with Laud, then a Bachelor of Divinity, in the pages of Anthony Wood, as preaching in St. Mary's Church, and letting fall "divers passages savouring of Popery," as the Calvinistic majority thought, for which he was called to account by the Vice-Chancellor. These reactionary doctrines, half political, half theological, and affirming at once the Divine right of Kings and the Divine right of Bishops, rapidly gained ground at Oxford, as well as at Court, under the patronage of Prince Charles and Buckingham. When Laud was promoted to the see of Bath and Wells, and afterwards of London, his work was eagerly carried on by others. Professor Montagu Burrows, who has thrown valuable light on this period of Academical history, tells us that "Brian Duppa, Sheldon, Stewart, Jeremy Taylor, and several other good, able, and learned men, marched at Oxford alongside of Laud in London, and soon changed the current of Oxford theology." At last, after Laud was elected Chancellor in 1630, Arminianism became dominant, the most unscrupulous use was made of the King's prerogative in crushing all opposition to it, and preachers of the rival school were either silenced or forced to recant. In the meantime, the University was being repeopledd by students, who are said to have numbered "above 2,420" in the year 1611. But their morals are also said to have been gradually corrupted by the progress of luxury, and drinking in taverns, with other disorders, became more and more prevalent. It is remarkable that Anthony Wood dates

this degeneracy from the festivities lavished on the visit of James I., in 1605, when, as we learn from the Register, the Colleges taxed themselves for his reception at the rate of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on their ancient rents.

It is probable that Savile was absent at Eton or elsewhere during this visit, for it does not appear that any demand was made by the Royal party on the wonted hospitality of Merton. But it is also possible that he had incurred the displeasure of that pedantic monarch by reason of his refusal to sanction the practice of having a sermon preached every Tuesday, by members of each College in rotation, to commemorate the King's escape from a plot laid against his life in Scotland. However, James I. was duly welcomed at the gate of Christ Church with a flattering allocution by Isaac Wake, Fellow of Merton, and then Public Orator, who afterwards wrote a description of the Royal visit under the complimentary title of "*Rex Platonicius*." Wake is specially mentioned with other Merton scholars among the favourite pupils to whom legacies of books were left by the learned Dr. Rainolds, President of Corpus, and brother of the former Warden of Merton. But he was less famous in the University than his brother Fellow Francis Mason, who obtained the highest reputation as a literary champion of the new Anglican Church. Savile himself was among the selected translators of the four Gospels for the Authorised Version of the New Testament, and the College Register shows that he obtained a loan of books from the Library for that purpose. Though he is somewhat disparaged in the Rector of Lincoln's biography of Casaubon as a patron of learning rather than a learned man, he published under his own name a considerable number of more or less solid works. In one of these, his edition of St. Chrysostom, he was aided by the liberality of the College, which also voted an allowance to the great scholar, John Hales of Eton, still

a Fellow of Merton, for helping the Warden in his researches.

Having rebuilt St. Alban Hall, and the north front of Merton College, Savile was now actively engaged in that southward extension of the College buildings, the frontage of which towards Christ Church meadows is perhaps the most picturesque facade in Oxford. It does not clearly appear whence the funds were procured for this costly work, and we can only suppose that they had been carefully hoarded up for years before. At all events, it was finished by Michaelmas, 1610, and, if occupied by the Senior Fellows, must have contributed to deepen the line of separation between them and the younger scholars, or the new order of commoners.

An entry in the College Register, dated 1607, shows that a resolution was then passed to admit twelve "pensioners," apparently on the footing of gentlemen commoners, being the sons of knights or gentlemen "of great name," each of whom, at his entrance, should present the College with a silver cup. In 1616, however, the College displayed good sense by rescinding this resolution, the admission of pensioners having proved detrimental to College discipline. Meanwhile, the number of Fellows seems to have been generally kept up to twenty-five or upwards, and it is expressly mentioned that two probationers were elected in 1602, after a public examination lasting over three days.

On March 29 in 1613, Merton College was the scene of an imposing ceremonial on the occasion of Thomas Bodley's funeral. This great benefactor of the University, who had been a Fellow of Merton for nearly thirty years, was unwise enough to bequeath 666*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* for the celebration of his own obsequies. Accordingly, some days before the actual interment, his body was brought down from London, and lay in State within Merton College Hall, where it was attended by three "Heralds of Arms," and visited by all the members of the

foundation and College-servants. The funeral procession, swelled by a vast body of University dignitaries and students, made a circuit through Christ Church to Carfax, down High Street to St. Mary's Church, and thence to the Divinity School, where an eloquent oration was delivered, back again to St. Mary's, where a funeral sermon was preached, and so home to Merton, where, says Anthony Wood, "the body was committed to the earth at the upper end of the Choir, under the North Wall." A funeral dinner, costing 100*l.*, expressly bequeathed for the purpose, was then served in the Hall to a very large party, including all the Heads of Houses, and "those who had mourning weeds."

A few months later in the same year, Isaac Casaubon was eagerly profiting by the munificence of Bodley, and devouring books in the Bodleian Library, having been driven across from Eton to Oxford, by Sir Henry Savile, in his own carriage, and introduced by him to the University. This Library had been originally designed by Bodley, with the assistance of Savile, in 1598, and in 1599 Merton College had contributed to it "thirty-eight volumes of singular good books in folio," the value of which is estimated in the College Register at 40*l.* or 50*l.*, in addition to a previous gift of seasoned timber. Twenty years later (in 1620) Savile himself made another donation of Greek folios, with a number of MSS., both Greek and Latin. On the other hand, Bodley is believed to have refaced the old shelves of Merton Library with ornamental woodwork, and covered the north wall of it with the existing panels. The College itself appears to have spent nearly 130*l.* in additions to its Library in 1599.¹ The Bodleian Library, however, soon dwarfed all College Libraries, and, in conjunction with the contemporary edifice of the Schools, towards which

Merton contributed 20*l.* on two separate occasions, it rapidly became the centre of Oxford studies in the seventeenth century. It was doubtless in honourable emulation of Bodley that Savile was led, in 1619, to found the two Savilian Chairs of Geometry and Astronomy, open to Mathematicians from any part of Christendom. At the same time, as we learn from Anthony Wood, he erected "a private Mathematical Library, for the use of his readers, between the Geometry and Astronomy Schools," and, as Bodley had left "chests" of money to be used like a reserve fund by the University and Merton College respectively, so also Savile endowed a "Mathematical Chest" with 100*l.* He himself opened the Professorial teaching in Geometry with a short course of lectures; and Briggs, the first Savilian Professor of Geometry, was also engaged to lecture thrice a week on Arithmetic in the Hall of Merton College, "being all the time of his abode in Oxford a Commoner there."² In 1620 Savile directed that a selection should be made out of his own Library of such books as might be required for the Collège Library, and gave these to the College. It may be added that in 1623 the Collège Library was fitted up with new seats, and enlarged by the annexation of a vacant room at its east end.

On the 19th of February, 1622, Savile died, and was succeeded by Nathaniel Brent, a man of a very different type, whom Anthony Wood mentions with little respect, but who seems to have borne himself well through his long and stirring Wardenship of twenty-nine years, broken, however, by a three years' interlude during Charles I.'s occupation of Oxford. Brent had been elected a Probationer Fellow of Merton, in 1594, and had filled the office of Proctor in 1607. He afterwards travelled much, and went through some perilous adventures in Italy, while he was collecting records of the Council of Trent, which he sub-

¹ In 1641 a donation of Mr. Allen, an ex-Fellow, was expended on Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Arabian, and Persian books.

² Briggs died at Merton in 1631.

sequently translated. He was Commissary and Vicar-General to Archbishop Abbott, Laud's great rival, whose niece he married, and was also Judge of the Prerogative Court. When he became Warden, the royal power was virtually in the hands of Prince Charles and Buckingham, under whose patronage the fortunes of Laud were in the ascendant. Four years later, in 1625, James I. died, and the plague raged so fiercely in London, that Charles I.'s first Parliament had to be held at Oxford, and all the Colleges and Halls received an order from the Privy Council, directing them to clear their rooms for the reception of the Lords and Commons. Accordingly all the Bachelors and Postmasters of Merton were sent into the country by a summary College order. The plague, however, followed the Parliament to Oxford, and Michaelmas Term had to be postponed until November 9. The Masters of Arts and servants who remained during the Long Vacation in Merton, were prohibited by another College order from venturing outside the gate without special leave.

It was not long before Charles I., notwithstanding the murder of Buckingham, fell under the influence of those evil counsels which at last brought about the Great Rebellion. Like his predecessors, however, he was most anxious to conciliate the Universities, and in 1629 paid a solemn visit to Oxford, entering it, as usual, from Woodstock. On August 23, the Doctors and Proctors went out thither to salute the King, and though Brent could scarcely have been in favour with Laud, he was selected for the honour of knighthood. On the following day, the French and Dutch Ambassadors, with a number of the nobility, were received at Merton by Sir Nathaniel Brent and the Fellows, complimented in the inevitable oration, and "entertained with a very sumptuous banquet in the College Gallery." Again, on August 27, according to Anthony Wood's account, "the King, Queen, and the retinue

went to Merton College, and, being received by the Warden and the Society at the common gate (Mr. James Marshe of that House then speaking it before them), were conducted into the Gallery before mentioned, where they were all royally entertained with a rich banquet at the College charges in honour of their newly knighted Warden." The King was then shown over the College, of which he was destined to see so much at a later epoch of his reign. Next year (1630) Archbishop Laud—that perfect model of a College-Don in the sense now happily obsolete—was elected Chancellor of the University by a small majority against Philip, Earl of Pembroke. He lost no time in commencing that campaign against laxity of discipline and doctrine which left a permanent mark on the University. Not the least of his reforms was the new proctorial cycle, which, as Professor Burrows remarks, "put an end to a perennial source of disturbance." This cycle, embracing a period of twenty-three years, was devised by Peter Turner, of Merton, and the rank of Merton among Colleges may be inferred from the fact that while six turns were assigned to Christ Church within this period, five to Magdalen, and four to New College, three were assigned to Merton, All Souls, Exeter, Brasenose, St. John's, and Wadham respectively, and two or one to each of the rest. Peter Turner seems to have been a special confidant of Laud, since he is not only mentioned by Anthony Wood as a reputed Arminian, together with his brother-Fellows, Richard Corbet, and James Marsh, but also as one who kept up a correspondence with the Chancellor about University matters. Moreover, he was among those, including Thomas French, sometime Fellow of Merton, who helped to frame the Laudian, or Caroline, Statutes, issued by Royal authority in 1636. These Statutes, which remained in force within living memory, were a monument of Laud's disciplinarian activity. The spirit in which they were conceived may be

inferred from the fact that Puritans and anti-Arminians were jealously excluded from co-operation in drawing them up, as well as from the insertion of certain passages which gave offence to men of that school. Still they were mostly salutary in themselves, and apparently effected some improvement both in Academical manners and in Academical administration. This was also the alleged object of the "Caroline Charter," granted to the University in 1635, under which its jurisdiction over its own members was confirmed and strengthened.

In 1636, Charles I. again visited Oxford in State, as Laud's guest, but the glory of hospitality was chiefly monopolized by Christ Church and St. John's, the Chancellor's own College. Merton probably took no active part in his reception, but contributed 20*l.*, or 5 per cent. on its ancient rent of 400*l.*, towards the expense of entertaining the Court, which afterwards demanded a further contribution of 5*l.* On this occasion, the Elector Palatine and his younger brother, the celebrated Prince Rupert, were presented by Sir Nathaniel Brent for their M.A. degrees. It is some proof of the respect in which Brent was held that, in 1640, Prideaux the Rector of Exeter, and Hood the Rector of Lincoln voted, though without success, for his election as burgess for the University; an honour which had been conferred on Sir Thomas Crompton, also a Mertonian, when the University was first enfranchised by James I.

A very welcome light is thrown upon the internal life of Merton in the reign of Charles I., by the Ordinances of Archbishop Laud, dated May 9, 1640. There had been frequent interventions of former Archbishops, as Visitors of the College, during the religious troubles of the previous century, those of Cranmer and Matthew Parker being specially memorable. But the interferences of Laud, as might be expected, were far more frequent and minute, and in one instance he went so far as to appoint

a Sub-Warden by his own authority. The elaborate Ordinances now known as his were the result of a formal Visitation, instituted in 1638, and conducted by the Bishop of Oxford, Sheldon, Warden of All Souls, and two other Commissioners. These Ordinances are a revised and enlarged edition of directions issued by the Archbishop himself during the course of the inquiry, and preserved in the College Register. Other directions, relating to personal or occasional matters, were issued on the spot by the Visitors. One of the articles of charge preferred against Laud on his trial alleged that his Visitors at Merton had enjoined the Fellows and Scholars to bow to the Lord's Table, and had censured Messrs. Cheynel and Corbet for not doing so. At all events, the Ordinances founded on their report disclose the searching nature of their proceedings, and purport to regulate almost every detail of collegiate discipline and management. Not only are all the members of the foundation to attend the Chapel services in surplices and hoods on all Sundays and feast days; but all Masters of less than two years standing, as well as all Bachelors and Scholars, are to attend every morning between five and six o'clock. It is added that "your brethren of St. Alban Hall shall not be admitted into the choir," or allowed to wear surplices and hoods. All the Doctors and Masters above two years standing are to engage in theological disputations once a week, if there are eight in residence; otherwise, once a fortnight, or at least twice a Term. Disputations in Arts are to be held, apparently, every day for two hours, beginning before seven o'clock. These disputations had always been a characteristic feature of Merton discipline, but it is equally characteristic of Merton traditions that a dispensation is allowed to "such Doctors or Masters as may be absent for the purpose of travel, or in the discharge of duties in the families of the nobility or other grandees." An instance of such ab-

sence on leave had occurred in 1618 when John Hales, Fellow of Eton and Merton, accompanied George Carleton, once a Fellow of Merton, but then Bishop of Llandaff, on a deputation from James I. to the Synod of Dort. A second instance of a similar kind is supplied by the case of Griffin Hyggs, another Fellow of Merton, who had been sent by Charles I. to the Hague, in 1627, to be Chaplain to his sister Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia.

The Ordinances proceed to enjoin that no Fellow is to absent himself from the College for more than four months in the year, except for grave reasons to be approved by the Warden, and the dates of their departure and return are to be carefully noted in a book. Masters of Arts are not to hold converse with Bachelors and Scholars, except in the Chapel or Hall. The gates of the College are to be closed at half-past nine, and the keys given to the Warden, and none are to sleep in Oxford outside the College walls. All are to breakfast and dine in the Hall, carefully separated according to their degrees.¹ Leases are always to be made for twenty-one years, and fines or leases are to be divided, so that half may be appropriated to the Warden and Fellows, and half to "Domus," or the common uses of the College—a principle of division constantly maintained until leases began to be run out some thirty years ago. There are never to be more than twenty-four Fellows, and neither more than five, nor less than three, are to be elected at the same time. Fellows accepting College benefices, or possessing a private income exceeding that of a Fellowship, are to vacate their Fellowships after a year of grace. The weekly, monthly, and yearly accounts are to be kept with strict accuracy. The Subwardenship is to be held for a year only, so that all may become acquainted with College business. All the College documents

are to be deposited in the Treasury and properly catalogued. Rents are to be paid at once into "the public chest," henceforth to be furnished with two locks; which may or may not be the same with Bodley's chest, still existing, with three locks, in minute accordance with his will. All Fellows and Scholars are to walk about in a modest, decent, and clerical garb of black or grey, wearing neither slashed dresses, nor wide collars, nor boots under their robes, and never curling their hair. All conversation within the College is to be in Latin, and no double flagons, but only single cups are to be used in drinking²—a rule which Sir Henry Savile had vainly striven to enforce.

The practice of keeping a furnished house in London for the use of the Warden and Fellows is to be abandoned, and two chambers only are to be retained for that purpose.³ In the election of Fellows a *cateris paribus* preference is always to be given to scholars of the College; and any Fellow who receives either reward or promise for promoting the election of any candidate to a Scholarship is to lose his Fellowship at once.⁴ Finally,

² This is Mr. Percival's translation of the Ordinance. More probably the "*potus simplex*," was small beer, as opposed to "*cerevisia duplex*," or strong beer.

³ This practice seems to have been first sanctioned by a College order in 1626, when it was agreed to hire and furnish a house in Warwick Street.

⁴ In 1631, when the Queen had recommended a candidate for a Fellowship, and his father pressed his claims on the strength thereof, a very spirited reply was made by the College.

An entry in the College Register, dated January 8, 1639, states that three Probationers were elected on that day "post accuratum et sincerum examen candidatorum."

On June 21, 1642, four Probationer Fellows were elected, against the protest of Mr. Peter Turner, whose opinion was adopted by the College on April 22, 1643, when it refused to admit these Probationers as actual Fellows, chiefly because the corporate revenues did not admit of any further charge. The King afterwards enjoined the College to admit two, Woods and Lydall, and it was agreed to do so, upon certain conditions, at the following Michaelmas.

¹ A College order of 1627 gave "Postmasters" the privilege of coming into Hall to supper at the same time with the Fellows.

these Injunctions of the Visitor, together with the Founder's Statutes, are to be publicly read before all the Fellows and Scholars thrice a year in the Hall, and three copies are to be made, one to be in the custody of the Warden, one in that of the Sub-Warden, and one to be kept chained in the College Library. In the attestation-clause, Sir Nathaniel Brent, one of the witnesses, is described as the Archbishop's Vicar-General and Municipal Official. A remarkable entry in the College Register, of November 6, 1641, joyfully records the fact that on that day the Visitation of Merton which had lasted three years and a half, and which threatened to rival the siege of Troy, was brought to an end by Divine Providence, "being the most unjust of Visitations, and worse than the worst of all."

On the 25th of June in this year (1641) Laud had resigned the Chancellorship, and by the summer of 1642 the Civil War had really commenced, though the battle of Edgehill was not fought until October.¹ On July 7 the King, then at York, addressed a requisition to Prideaux as Vice-Chancellor, inviting the Colleges to contribute money for his service, by way of loan at 8 per cent. interest. Convocation immediately voted away all the reserve funds in Savile's, Bodley's, and the University Chests. A letter from the King, dated from Beverley on July 18, shows that a large subsidy had already reached him, though in the meantime Parliament had issued an order declaring the requisition illegal, and directing guard and watch to be set on all highways about Oxford. On September 1 a troop of Royalist horse,

under Sir John Byron, entered the City, but left it on September 10, at the approach of a superior Parliamentary force. During this short occupation Dr. Peter Turner, Fellow of Merton and Savilian Professor of Geometry, acted on a Delegation for provisioning the Royal troops, in support of whom a body of graduates and students was enrolled and regularly drilled in the Park. On the departure of Sir John Byron, Turner accompanied him, and, being captured in a skirmish near Stow in the Wold, was brought to Banbury and committed to Northampton Gaol. When a Parliamentary force occupied the City on September 12, Colonel Goodwin, their commander, and other officers were quartered at Merton, while their horses were turned out in Christ Church meadow. On September 15, Merton, with other "Southern" Colleges, was disarmed, and searched for plate; but Christ Church seems to have been the only College actually robbed of plate on that occasion.

On the 29th of October, 1642, the King entered Oxford after the battle of Edgehill, and thenceforward Oxford became the head-quarters of the Royal army, as well as the seat of the Royal Government. Charles I. himself always lodged at Christ Church, with the Princes, "except Rupert and Maurice," and there kept his Court, often going forth on expeditions, but falling back on Oxford. Fortifications were now pushed on in earnest, one work extending from Grandpont or Folly Bridge, across Christ Church meadow, in front of Merton. Arms taken away from the citizens suspected of sympathy with the enemy were stored in New College Tower and Cloister, now converted into a magazine. Volunteer corps of students, already formed and trained in New College quadrangle, were now regularly employed on guard, and it was said that, in 1646, twenty out of a hundred students of Christ Church were officers in the King's army.

On January 10, 1643, the King's

¹ On January 17, 1642, letters from the King to the University "*de Republicæ negotiis*" were publicly read to the Fellows by the Warden. On July 8 in the same year declarations sent down by the Parliament were read out in like manner by the Sub-Warden, Greaves, who had been elected on March 24, under a special mandate of the King to the five Senior Fellows, in consequence of the prolonged absence of the Warden and the Sub-Warden, Corbet.

letters were sent to all Colleges and Halls, demanding their plate to be melted down for his service, and all are stated to have complied, except New Inn Hall, which accordingly was turned into a Royal Mint. Soon afterwards most housekeepers were obliged to do likewise, and Anthony Wood particularly mentions that even the plate given him by his godfathers and godmothers shared the same fate. On January 16 300*l.* more was "borrowed" from the University Chest. There seems to be no entry in the Merton Register expressly directing the College plate to be given up for the King's use, but it was certain that it was given up, and two of the Fellows afterwards mutually accused each other of having thus misappropriated the College property. Indeed, an exact account of the plate contributed by the various Colleges of Oxford, as well as by the gentry of the county, is preserved in Gutch's *Collectanea Curiosa*. Magdalen heads the list with 296 lbs. and 6 oz.; All Souls' follows with 253 lbs., Exeter with 246 lbs., and the next largest quotas are furnished by Queens', Trinity, and Christ Church. Merton sent in between 79 lbs. and 80 lbs., being about the average amount contributed by the remaining Colleges, while 701 lbs. were sent in by six country gentlemen, one of whom, Sir Peter Wick, contributed as much as 360 lbs. It appears from the archives of All Souls that these gifts of plate were treated as loans, to be repaid at a fixed rate per ounce, but it is perhaps needless to say that no such repayment ever took effect. On June 14, 1643, another levy of 2,000*l.* was made upon the University and City respectively. The University raised its quota by taxing each College, not excluding the servants; and the City, in an unwonted fit of loyalty, added another 500*l.*, about the assessment of which a dispute afterwards arose. At last, in October, 1643, the Heads of Houses agreed that 40*l.* should be raised weekly by the Uni-

versity during the next twenty weeks, by a levy on Colleges and Halls, in consideration of the scholars being exempted from all further contributions towards new fortifications. An entry in the College Register, dated August 4, 1643, informs us that, since the whole society was impoverished by the non-payment of rents, and many of the Fellows were driven to live in the country or abroad, the Sub-warden and those who remained at home resolved that, as soon as peace should be restored, the absent members should receive an equal share of their customary allowances with their resident brethren. As for University studies and discipline, they were almost suspended, and the strange pictures of Oxford during the King's residence preserved in the pages of *John Ingle-sant* are supported by the evidence of Anthony Wood and other contemporary authors.

It was not until July 13, 1643, that Queen Henrietta Maria joined the King at Oxford. The King went out to meet her, and she was received with great ceremony at Christ Church, whence "she was conducted by the King to Merton College, by a back way made for that purpose through one of the Canon's gardens, another garden belonging to Corpus Christi College, and then through Merton Grove." On her arrival the Public Orator did not fail to salute her with the address which Royalty was never spared, and various dignitaries were presented to her. She was lodged in the Warden's house, occupying at intervals for nearly three years the rooms still known as "The Queen's Room," and the drawing-room adjoining. The King was constantly there, probably finding Merton a pleasant retreat from the bustle of Christ Church, and doubtless many interesting reunions took place there of which history is silent. It is particularly remarked by Anthony Wood that, during the Queen's stay in Merton there were divers marriages, christenings, and burials in the Chapel, of which all

record has been lost, as the private Register in which the chaplain had noted them was stolen out of his room when Oxford was finally surrendered to Fairfax. Meanwhile the City was scourged by a great plague in 1643, followed by a great fire in 1644, which ravaged the quarter west of St. Aldate's and the Corn-market; but probably these calamities had little effect on the spirits of the Cavalier officers.

Unhappily, the general history of Oxford during this memorable period is but very briefly told by Anthony Wood, then a boy, who had been sent out of harm's way to Thame, and much remains to invite the researches of some modern antiquary. The domestic annals of Merton are no less meagre, but the Register contains an interesting account of the proceedings before and on the election of the illustrious Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of the blood, to the Wardenship of Merton. On the 27th of January, 1645, letters were received from the King, still lodged at Christ Church, reciting the fact of Sir Nath. Brent having absented himself for nearly three years, having adhered to the rebels, and having accepted the office of Judge Marshal in their ranks—to which might have been added that he had actually signed the Covenant. We learn from the articles afterwards exhibited against Dr. John Greaves, then a Fellow of the College and Savilian Professor of Astronomy, that he was the person who drew up the petition against the Warden, and "inveigled some unwary young men to subscribe it." The King's letters accordingly pronounce the deposition of Brent, and direct the seven senior Fellows to present three persons as eligible to be his successors, out of whom the King would choose one. The Royal mandate was obeyed, but there were some irregularities in the consequent election against which Peter Turner protested, and resigned his Fellowship, on his protest being overruled by Lord Hertford, who had

succeeded the Earl of Pembroke as Chancellor in October, 1643. However, five out of the seven Seniors, including the Subwarden, placed Harvey first on their lists, and the King lost no time in nominating him. Harvey was educated at Caius College, Cambridge, but had been incorporated at Oxford after the battle of Edgehill. He was solemnly admitted Warden, according to the ancient custom, on the 9th of April, and two days later addressed the Fellows in a somewhat Pharisaical speech, assuring them that, unlike some of his predecessors, he assumed office with no desire of enriching himself, but rather of advancing the interests of the College. His reign at Merton lasted but a single year, and, under such conditions, could not leave any mark on the corporate life of the College, then occupied in force by the Court and partially converted into officers' barracks. Indeed, it is recorded in the Register that on August 1, 1645, the College meeting was held in the Library, neither the Hall nor the Warden's lodgings being then available for the purpose. Meanwhile, on May 22, after various feints against the City, Oxford was invested by Fairfax, and vainly besieged for fifteen days. On the 14th of June, however, the Royal cause was ruined at Naseby, and on the 27th of November a supply of provisions was laid in by the College against another expected siege. On the 28th of December, the King ordered special forms of prayer to be used in the Chapel on Wednesdays and Fridays "during these bad times." On the 24th of the following March, we find the College giving a bond for 94*l.*, on account of provisions, which it evidently had not the ready money to purchase. In the spring of 1646 Fairfax regularly laid siege to Oxford, and on June 24 it was surrendered on very honourable terms, the garrison marching out over Shotover, 3,000 strong. In the Treaty of Surrender, the rights and privileges of the Uni-

versity and Colleges were expressly reserved, but with a distinct proviso intimating that a reform was intended by the Parliament.

Harvey must now have retired from the Wardenship, and Brent must have resumed office, though no minute of either event is preserved in the College Register. We find, however, that in September, 1648, Brent rendered accounts, as Warden, for the four years from 1642 to 1646. In the beginning of February, 1647, the Earl of Pembroke again became Chancellor in the place of the Marquis of Hertford. Anthony Wood describes, in language which has often been quoted, the utter confusion in which the past three years had left the University: the Colleges impoverished, lectures almost abandoned, many of the students dispersed and others quite demoralised—"in a word, scarce the face of an University left, all things being out of order and disturbed." This account is confirmed by a striking entry in the College Register, under the date of October 19, 1646. It is here stated that by the Divine goodness the Civil War had at last been stayed, and the Warden (Brent) with most of the Fellows had returned, but that as there were no Bachelors, hardly any Scholars, and few Masters, it was decided to elect but one Bursar and one Dean. It is added, that as the Hall still lay "*situ et ruinis squalida*," the College meeting was held in the Warden's lodgings. At the same meeting, two Fellows of Merton, Fowle and Lovejoy, were suspended for having borne arms against the Parliament.

Nevertheless, there was vigour enough in the University to organise an effective resistance to the Parliamentary Visitation already known to be impending, but first initiated by an Ordinance issued on May 1, 1647. Professor Montagu Burrows, in his exhaustive monograph on this Visitation, has depicted the anarchy which prevailed in the interval, and the attempt made by Parliament, then

dominated by Presbyterians, to convert the Academical mind through Presbyterian discourses. Considering that Merton had been so long the Queen's abode, it is somewhat remarkable that it should have produced three out of the seven Presbyterian ministers commissioned for this service, with power to preach in any Oxford church—Edward Reynolds, Francis Cheynell, and Edward Corbet. Reynolds, the most eminent of these, had always been an anti-Arminian, and was among the most celebrated preachers of his time. He took the Covenant, but afterwards refused the Engagement, pledging the signatories to a Government without a King or House of Lords; thus forfeiting the Deanery of Christ Church and Vice-Chancellorship to which he was promoted under the Commonwealth. He lived, however, to be Warden of Merton, and Bishop of Norwich. Cheynell was a fiery spirit, reputed to be *Malleus Hereticorum*, among the Presbyterians, and at this very time held a fierce disputation with one Erbury, of Brasenose, an Independent army-chaplain, in a meeting-house opposite to Merton. Corbet was a man of comparatively moderate opinions, and earned a good word from Anthony Wood himself for modesty and scholarship, since he resigned the Public Oratorship and a Canonry at Christ Church rather than sign the Engagement.

When the Parliamentary Visitation, or Commission, as we should call it, was issued in 1647, "for the due correction of offences, abuses, and disorders" in the University of Oxford, all these men were appointed Visitors. The President of the Commission was Sir Nathaniel Brent himself, who had gradually become a strong Presbyterian, and whom Anthony Wood accuses of having taken down the rich hangings over the High Altar to adorn his own bedroom, though it is shown by the College Register that this was done by express order of the College, after the

curtains had been thrown aside as lumber. The Visitors usually sat in the dining-room of the Warden's house, though sometimes in Cheynell's rooms, when he appears to have acted as Chairman in Brent's absence. Thus Merton again became the centre of an Academical Revolution, this time conducted by the leading men on its own governing body, and yet, like the Reformation or the Civil War, leaving but little trace on its domestic chronicle. In spite of the Commission, the quiet stream of College-life seems to have resumed its natural channel after the cessation of hostilities, and the return of Sir Nathaniel Brent. Indeed, the College Register for the Academical year beginning in August, 1647, differs in few material particulars from the College Register during the least troubled period. We have the election, in due course, of the Subwarden, the Deans, the Bursars, the Principal of the Postmasters, the Readers in Grammar and in Greek, and the keepers of Read's and Bodley's Chests. All the officers render their accounts as usual, and various decrees are passed for the payment of dividends in arrear. Presentations are duly made to livings, service is celebrated quarterly in memory of the Founder, the Statutes are read according to ancient usage, and a "Scrutiny" is held, according to a comparatively modern rule, which limited it to three questions—concerning the conduct of the servants, concerning the number of Postmasters, and concerning the election of a garden-master. The Subwarden is granted special leave of absence on two occasions, in order to prosecute the financial interests of the College in London, with the War-

den's assistance. A sum of 20*l.* is voted to a Fellow travelling in Italy, probably in lieu of his dividend. The Subwarden and the itinerant Bursar are commissioned to make the customary progress for the purpose of visiting the College estates.

None of these entries betoken any consciousness of the acute crisis through which not the College only, but the University, the Church, and the State were then passing. Not a word is said of Sir Nathaniel Brent having been appointed President of the Visitors, or of the Visitation having been issued at all. Indeed, political reticence is carried so far that, although we are told of the Earl of Pembroke's reception on April 11th, 1648, and of his residence in the College for three days, the purpose of his visit is studiously concealed, and the only incident of his arrival thought worthy of mention is the fact of the Mayor and Aldermen having been admitted into the College with all their beadles and tipstaves, by permission of the Warden and Fellows, but with an express proviso that it should not be drawn into a precedent. The important events here ignored, as well as the subsequent proceedings of the Parliamentary Visitors, in relation to Merton, are only to be learned from external sources. Happily, the public records of the Visitation enable us to fill up many blank spaces in the College Register, while the personal reminiscences of Anthony Wood supply copious materials for the next chapter of Merton history, embracing the period of the Commonwealth and the Restoration.

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REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

THE "simple service to humanity," as the Prime Minister described the expedition for the relief of Sinkat and Tokar, has turned out to be much less simple and less humane than it looked. Before the expedition could do effective work, Sinkat had fallen, and Tokar had very cheerfully surrendered to Moslem assailants rather than await succour from Christian allies. The officers, however, on the spot, were of opinion that Souakim could not be held so long as the insurgents under Osman Digna hovered round its neighbourhood. They deemed it essential to the defence of Souakim that his menacing bands should be dispersed. On the last day of last month (February 29) General Graham, in command of a force about 4,000 strong, defeated three times as many of the natives close to the scene of the merciless slaughter of Baker's Egyptians on the 4th of the same month, and of the destruction of Consul Moncrieff in the autumn. The Arabs fought with a daring and valour that could not be surpassed, and old soldiers confessed that they had never encountered a more resolute foe. The battle was furious and stubborn, and when it was over the enemy had left 2,000 dead upon the field. The British loss was slight, being 30 killed and 142 wounded. The next day (March 1) the force moved on from Teb, the scene of the engagement, to Tokar, and the General telegraphed home that Tokar was duly relieved. Of course it needed no relief. The bulk of the garrison had gone over to the enemy, and fought against us at Teb. The town population is said to have received our men with great joy—an announcement that might perhaps be more truly described as the great desire to please, arising from great fear of a victorious force.

When we left, many of the relieved garrison expressed their preference to remain in the place rather than abandon it. Many of them were natives of Tokar, and had neither need nor desire of relief. Four hundred women and children were brought away. "The objects of the expedition," said the General in his order, "are now achieved. Tokar has been relieved, and the rebels so thoroughly humbled that the force before Tokar may safely retire."

Osman Digna, meanwhile, remained in his old camp, thirteen miles away from Trinkitat. In reply to a proclamation from the British Admiral, he announced that he would drive the English and the Turks into the sea. The defence of Souakim was again deemed to require an offensive movement, and on March 10 the Black Watch advanced, with considerable suffering under the intense heat, to a place eight miles distant from Souakim, and some six miles distant from the supposed camping-place of Osman.

The entire force followed the next evening, and bivouacked at Baker's stockade. Towards four in the morning of the 13th, the Arabs crept close to the British lines, and filled the air with their shrill cries to one another, while our men remained perfectly silent in the moonlight, amid the blaze of the enemy's fire from every side. Then there followed an hour and a half of suspense, neither of the two hosts making any sign. At daybreak the battle began in terrific earnest. The Arabs showed the same savage daring, and fought with the same tigerish indifference to death. After the first wild charge, "they crawled on their hands and knees beneath the bayonets and beneath the muzzles of the Gardners and Gatlings, and thus got

into the square, when they commenced stabbing and slashing our men, doing terrible execution among them. At close quarters with the cold steel our men were no match for these powerful savages, who dodge the bayonets or catch them on their shields, and deliver two or three spear-thrusts before the man armed with the bayonet can recover." We have no relish, however, for the details of what the *Spectator* calls the victory of "a just and merciful policy." Enough, and more than enough, to say that the Arabs displayed a ferocious bravery that won even the admiration of the men who were obliged to kill them, and that our own men did their work with the stoutness and intrepidity in which they seldom fail. If the Arabs fought like tigers, "the Black Watch when attacked in rear fought like devils." At one moment there was danger of a repulse, but all was speedily retrieved. Nearly 3,000 Arabs were killed on the ground. Those who were left sullenly retreated. The British advanced to the villages where Osman's camp lay. The villages they burned, and all that they contained. After a day of enormous fatigue, and with a loss of between 70 and 80 killed and 150 wounded, they returned to the stockade. During the night they heard the Arabs less than a quarter of a mile off, loudly wailing as they buried their dead sheikhs on the field.

On the following day, the troops returned to Souakim, and a special General Order informed them that "The second task of the expedition has now been accomplished; the rebel army that threatened Souakim is dispersed, and its leader, Osman Digna, is a fugitive in the hills with a price upon his head." The last item, by the way, was speedily cancelled. To set a price on the head of a fugitive chief wounded the capricious susceptibilities of English sentiment, and the British commanders were instructed to withdraw the old-fashioned offer of a reward for their enemy's head.

From Gordon at Khartoum there had come no news for several days, and the excitement over the two engagements at Teb and Tamasi was no sooner over than it was succeeded by anxiety for Gordon. On the 22nd, communications were received to the effect that the Arabs, to the number of 4,000, had begun to harass Gordon by intrenching themselves along the river bank, whence they were able to fire with impunity on passing steamers. A body of black troops had been left on the Nile below Khartoum. In the attempt to pass Halfiyeh they were attacked by the Arabs, and lost 100 men. A garrison was beleaguered in Halfiyeh, and on the 15th (two days after Graham's success at Tamasi) Gordon sent three armed steamers to their rescue. The steamers were defended with boiler-plates, and carried mountain-guns, protected by wooden mantlets. The troops were concealed in the holds and in iron barges, to protect them from the intrenched Arab marksmen on the banks. The expedition was successful. The same evening the steamers and barges returned with the rescued garrison. Since then, no tidings have reached this country.

Concurrently with these external incidents there has been a remarkable development of English policy in the Soudan, possibly in regard to Khartoum, and certainly as respects the littoral of the Red Sea. At the beginning of the year, after it had been decided by the British Government that the Soudan should be evacuated, the question of the Red Sea ports was left open. On January 9, Lord Granville declared that Her Majesty's Government "are favourably disposed to the retention by Egypt of Souakim, though they are of opinion that further information and discussion will be necessary before the question of that and the other ports can be definitely decided." On March 3, the Prime Minister said that "we ought to get out of Souakim as quickly as we

can compatibly with the fulfilment of our duties to the cause of peace and humanity," and that "we ought not to remain at Souakim for the establishment of British power there." But a week later Lord Hartington declared that it was essentially necessary that the Red Sea ports should be held either by a civilised Power, or else by a Power which is under the influence of a civilised Power. The first reason for this, he said, was that "it is a matter of importance to British interests that the ports of the Red Sea should not be in any condition which would tempt any other Power to occupy them. Considering the importance of the Red Sea as being in the line of communication with our Indian possessions, it is of great importance that no European Power should have a port on that sea." This may be a very solid ground to take. It is a view at any rate that is capable of political defence. But it is undeniably an advance from the view of the Prime Minister. He said we must get away from Souakim as fast as we could. Lord Hartington says that we must do no such thing—for this is what his words come to. He gives us two alternatives. The ports may be held by a civilised Power, and if so that Power must be Great Britain, because the Red Sea is on the road to India. They may, on the other hand, be held by somebody under a civilised Power. But by whom? By the Egyptians? But Osman Digna and his like could drive Egyptians into the sea whenever they pleased. By Turks? This was the first idea of the Government, but the Turks have not a shot in the locker, and there are other reasons against them, some good and others bad. The Turk is the last buffer between the Western Powers and Africa. As he is gradually edged out from Algiers, from Tunis, from Egypt, the Western Powers to their own heavy detriment are being drawn in. As his sway shrinks, it is upon them that his burdens fall. It will be well if the process completes itself without bringing the two Western

Powers into violent collision with one another; it will be well, but it is hardly possible. If it cannot then, for good reasons or for bad, be the Turk who is to hold Souakim and other ports for us, it can only happen that we shall hold them ourselves. And it is to this that Lord Hartington's declaration of March 10 amounts, when translated into the positive language of plain fact. The ports will be held by black troops, commanded by English officers.

Let us turn to the development of policy in respect of Khartoum. When General Gordon was sent into the Soudan, he told the Government (January 22) that his policy was to restore the country to the different petty sultans who existed at the time of Mehemet Ali's conquest, and who still exist. Khartoum, he said, offered a more difficult question, for that town and Kassala had sprung up since Mehemet Ali's conquest, and had no old standing families. By and by he made up his mind that Zebehr Pasha should be sent to succeed him. Two squadrons from Graham's force should advance to Berber.

"With these squadrons and Wood's Invincibles should advance a regiment, or it should go to Dongola, while 100 British troops might make a Nile trip to Wady Halfa and stay there for two months. This would settle the question, for when the Nile rose, with the Berber black troops and those of Khartoum, which I would bring up, I could deal with the rebels on the Blue Nile and open the road to Sennaar. Then I would take out the Cairo *employés*, and Zebehr Pasha would put his own men there. I would evacuate the equatorial Bahr Gazelle provinces, and hand over the troops to Zebehr Pasha, who would before the end of the year finish off the Mahdi."

That was Gordon's plan on March 7. It was fully approved by Sir Evelyn Baring. The coolest heads in Cairo thought that nothing better was open. But English sentimentality was aroused. Gordon had in old days taxed Zebehr with active complicity in slave-hunting. But during his interview with Zebehr the other day at Cairo, the witnesses present are said not to have been satisfied that Gordon had

proved his case: Zebehr challenged Gordon to produce the letter establishing his complicity in the revolt for which his son was executed, and Gordon admitted that he could not produce such a letter, and that, if wrong in this item, he had treated Zebehr with harshness. In any case he wished Zebehr to go with him then, and he wishes to have Zebehr sent to him now.

The *Times* correspondent at Cairo, like Sir Evelyn Baring, sees no better course.

"Whatever Zebehr Pasha's character may be," he says, "I have no hesitation in saying that he is infinitely superior to Hussein Cheri, the ex-Governor of Khartoum, when it was under Egyptian rule. Unless we are prepared to govern Khartoum ourselves, the choice lies between such alternatives. The abandonment of the Soudan means the recognition of slave-holding, and it is impossible logically to hold in Cairo as a prisoner one Soudani for rebellion while we are granting the Soudanese self-government. Slave-hunting must be stopped, but *this would be more effectually done by establishing Zebehr Pasha at Khartoum, granting him an annual subsidy contingent on his not practising slave-hunting, and by destroying both supply and demand markets on the Congo and in Egypt.*"

The Anti-Slavery Society raises a loud bray. Mr. Forster makes a speech. The Jingo in drab shouts with the Jingo in scarlet. The Government take fright. Lord Hartington tells us that "it is better that General Gordon should remain a longer time to complete his work himself than that he should receive the assistance of or leave the succession to an objectionable agent like Zebehr."

This is the point at which we are left suspended at the present moment. That is to say, while protesting that the question ought to be settled on the spot, and that it would be folly to govern Egypt from London, we repudiate General Gordon's urgent advice, we scold Admiral Hewett, and we let Sir Evelyn Baring's word count for nothing.

It is very easy to say that Gordon should remain a little longer. But how and on what terms is he to

remain? Unless the Government pluck up courage to resist all this noble insanity, an army will be sent. "You will have to keep 10,000 Indian troops at Khartoum until the Soudan is evacuated," says one bold prophet. We shall not do that, but a considerable force may be sent, and if it is sent, it will stop. The experience of the past in Upper Egypt will repeat itself at no distant future in the Soudan, and just as we are held fast at Cairo, so we shall catch a wolf by the ear at Khartoum.

As for Indian troops, there is not an Indian statesman who does not look on their employment outside of India with positive horror and dread. Anybody who has a single correspondent of authority among Indian officials is well aware of that fact, and aware too of the even more important fact that the men there who know the constant gravity of our position in India are beginning to look with a gaze of profound apprehension on our position in Egypt. "Egypt in English hands," it has been said in the course of recent debates, "means that India will be brought into the Mediterranean and within the sphere of European politics." We can imagine the disquiet with which the serious rulers and governors all over that vast territory, whose business it is to watch what one of their own number has called the slumbering volcano in India, observe such symptoms as are described in the following item of intelligence just sent from Calcutta:—

"The course of affairs in Egypt continues to attract some attention from the native Indian press, its remarks being frequently uncompimentary and sometimes almost seditious. The *Mohammedan Observer* attributes all the recent troubles to the vacillating and uncertain policy of the British Government. The *Bengalee* says that the English are in Egypt ostensibly for the benefit of the Egyptian people, but really for the benefit of the foreign bondholders, whose demands have converted Egypt into a veritable desert. The *Bombay Native Opinion* says that the charm of British success lies not so much in its guns as in its gold, and describes General Gordon's slavery proclamation as a 'disgusting guarantee,' and a 'piece

of moral turpitude.' Great satisfaction is expressed by all the native newspapers at the resolution of the Government not to employ Indian troops in the Soudan."

So closely interconnected is our policy in Egypt with our fortunes and affairs in India. So manifold, various, and far-reaching are the considerations that ought to settle that policy.

What is Government for if it is not to direct and to withstand to the face, if need be, the passing impulse of uninformed and uncalculating sentiment? If the Government do not believe that the policy of engaging ourselves in the Soudan is full of peril, they might as well have gone to work with a will, and prevented the catastrophe that befell General Hicks. If, on the contrary, they share the opinion of Sir Evelyn Baring, so repeatedly and persistently expressed, that "the difficulties of withdrawal from the Soudan, great though they be, are less than those of endeavouring to hold the Soudan," they might as well have stood to their guns from the first, refused to send Gordon to Khartoum, refused to relieve Sinkat and Tokar (neither of which did they relieve after all), and said boldly to the House of Commons and the country: "We will defend Egypt proper, but we cannot rescue the distant garrisons; they must make terms for themselves; their deliverance in any case is a task beyond our strength; it will cost more bloodshed than it could possibly avert; it will involve future difficulties of untold magnitude. If the country insists on putting an end to slavery, or stamping out the slave trade at such cost as this, get Lord Salisbury or Mr. Forster to try. We won't."

Such language would at least have been worthy of a strong Minister who knew his own mind, and it would have brought its own reward. Public opinion would not have been bewildered and confused as it has been, but would have rallied to men who had the courage of deliberate and defensible convictions. We have had one example of such courage in our own

day, though it may have been a good example in a bad cause. In the autumn of 1876 the country was convulsed with indignation at the cruelties perpetrated in Bulgaria. All the Conservative Ministers, save one, bent before the storm. Meetings were held by the score, and resolutions passed by the hundred. But there was one Minister who did not quail. Lord Beaconsfield during all those weeks kept a stubborn silence, and when he broke his silence it was to defy the popular sentiment, to rebuke the popular policy, and to denounce the popular idol. The famous Aylesbury speech may have been as wrong, as impolitic, as cynical as we please, if we look to the substance and the merits of the Turkish question. It was at any rate an illustration of that attitude of courage, of confidence in himself, in his own judgment, and his own policy, which a nation has a right to expect from its leaders in a crisis.

The Empire cannot be safely ruled in accordance with the passing cries of what chances to be the most boisterous section of the hour. "Now for the first time," Mr. Gladstone said, in the debate on the vote of censure (February 12), "is raised a great issue between parties in this House, but that great issue involves in it something much more important than the victories of Oppositions or the continuance of Ministries; it involves the development of great and useful lessons with regard to rash and unwise interventions." We are, indeed, at the parting of the ways. There is no attempt to conceal the ultimate designs of the forward policy. Holding Souakim under the pretext of stopping a vent of the slave trade, we shall be urged to hold the road to Berber. Berber, involves, they next say, the question of Khartoum, which can never be given back to barbarism (from which, for that matter, it has never been extricated); Khartoum cannot be retained without Sennaar. In short, the Souakim - Berber - Khartoum - Sennaar line is to be the Egyptian frontier,

and of course we are to defend it *in sæcula sæculorum*. That is one policy. The other is to let Gordon have Zebehr at Khartoum, and then proceed on his mission to the Congo, the source and fountain of the slave trade; to trust to cruisers and consuls at Jeddah and elsewhere to intercept the slave dhows; and, finally, to leave the Soudan to its fate, as we left Abyssinia, Zululand, Ashanti, and divers other lands. For the moment the first looks at once the easier and the loftier. But when the cost comes to be counted, it will be so enormous, and in every respect so disproportionate, that it will go ill with those who have added this most portentous of all loads to the overburdened Titan. It may prove that on the steps that are taken within the next few days it depends whether we are or are not committed to half a dozen or half a score of years of troublesome warfare with native tribes in the Soudan, at last bursting out into the vast conflagration of a war with France. Well might Mr. Gladstone say that we are in presence of issues more grave than the victories of Oppositions or the continuance of Ministries.

In domestic affairs, as little way has been made as might have been expected from the competing excitement of events in the Soudan. On March 3, the Franchise Bill was read a first time, having been introduced by Mr. Gladstone on February 28, and debated for a couple of nights. Its provisions have been generally regarded as moderate and reasonable in themselves. They involve no sweeping removal of franchises to which the Thorough section object. Even this section acquiesces almost contentedly in the retention of abusive privileges, such as that of the non-resident voter, for they perceive that the possessors of these illegitimate political advantages will count for little amid the two millions of new voters whom it is estimated that the Bill will place on the electoral registers. Ireland, as usual, will be the stumbling-block.

In introducing the Bill, the Prime Minister took occasion to throw out his own ideas on the principles that should regulate the redistribution of seats, when the time should come for that important sequel to the measure now before Parliament. One of these ideas was that the numbers of the representatives from Ireland should be undisturbed, though on the basis alike of population and of taxable property Ireland has more than its fair proportion of members. The boroughs in the south of England are to give up seats that are to go to the north of England and to Scotland, but Ireland is to retain her present quota. This has scandalised a good many people of various sorts who profess to be favourable to the Franchise Bill. It will no doubt remain in their minds during the session, and induce them to persist in requiring guarantees that are not very likely to be given. Mr. Bright, however, has expressed a strong approval of this point of adherence to the Act of Union, and his approval will carry weight, from his well-known aversion to what he has himself denounced as "the rebel party." If some will ask for new declarations about Ireland, others will seek some security that minorities shall be protected by one of the various artificial expedients that ingenious dwellers in Nephelococcygia have devised to that end. The debate on the second reading will commence to-day. In 1866 the corresponding debate lasted over eleven sittings, many of them of incomparable dreariness. If the same pertinacity is shown this time, there will be very little chance for any other measure of more than merely secondary importance during the present session.

To a fair observer it is not objection so much as the difficulties of the time to which we ought in truth to charge the tardy progress of public business. So complex, shifting, and momentous a set of transactions as those in Egypt and the Soudan must necessarily give rise to constant discussion, and throw up point after point for debate. The deliberative

council of the State would be wanting to itself if this most pregnant issue in our national policy were left to work itself out without vigilant criticism of every step that is taken. Idle questions are put, no doubt. Good and bad arguments alike are needlessly reiterated. There are irrelevancies, personalities, self-advertising egoisms, all in abundance. But these hardly constitute wilful or sinister obstruction. They are inseparable from deliberation by any large body, containing its fair share of human nature. The more important and complicated and exciting the question of the hour, by so much the more room and the more provocation or excuse for these superfluities of discussion. An executive Government must make allowance for them in its estimate of the business that can be done in a week, or a month, or a session. Such delays must be anticipated in the account, and the certain prospect of them ought to regulate the measure of what is undertaken. No prudent calculation respecting an assembly like the House of Commons will omit a necessary percentage for waste. It is an absurdity to complain that the whole of a prolonged sitting should be devoted to a preliminary talk upon the army, as happened when the estimates were presented. The subject is one of importance at all times, and just now its importance is special. More than one problem of military organisation is still undecided. Pedantic fogies invariably think, at any moment you please, that the condition of the British army is critical; but that condition undoubtedly gives some concern to men who are neither old-fashioned nor alarmists. The same may be said of the navy. A longish sitting was devoted to questions relating to the efficiency of the ironclads, and the strength of the national fleet relative to the naval resources of other countries. To talk about ships' boilers was to incur from impatient simpletons and cuckoo partisans the blame of obstruction. Yet the destinies of the

Empire are in ships' boilers. We are already in the thick of enterprises that will tax our military resources, and slowly drifting into future engagements that may tax both army and fleet to the uttermost. Under such circumstances nothing can be more futile than to rebuke colonels, admirals, or economists, for taking part in debate. All debate is more or less cumbrous. To expect from a Parliament the quick and sinewy argumentation that goes on between a strong judge and a strong counsel on a point of law or a precedent is the height of unreason and misapprehension.

What seems worthy of remark is, that when pure and undoubted obstruction is raised, the House of Commons seems to be afraid of using the instrument that was devised with sore travail for the express purpose of dealing with it. In the sitting which began on Saturday noon and lasted until daybreak on Sunday (March 16), the last few hours offered more than one instance of obstruction. The occasion was exactly fitted for the application of the closure, if the closure is ever to be applied at all. It is true that the House was in Committee, and that there may have been a natural reluctance to resort to the new expedient for the first time under any less authority than that of the Speaker in the Chair. But these hesitations will have to be overcome. There is no excuse for having devoted so many days to forging this strong weapon, if it is not to be used under such circumstances as these. Little way will be made until the closure becomes a regular element in debate, and is used as freely and constantly as cases may require. But mere clumsiness, tediousness, honest persistency in threshing out the last grain, are not to be classed as obstruction, and the more fully this is admitted the less reluctance need there be to stamp upon obstruction proper and deliberate.

The same sitting that furnished this instance of unwillingness to use

the new rules, was also an instance of the inadequateness of the rules themselves. The rule of 1882 provides that except on the first occasion of considering the estimates or a vote of credit, when Supply stands as the first order on Monday or Thursday, the Speaker shall leave the Chair without putting any question. The same rule ought by all parity, and even *a fortiori*, to have been extended to all extraordinary sittings on Saturdays held for the express purpose of Supply. But for some reason or another this provision was neglected, and hence six hours were consumed upon an amendment before the business was entered upon for which the exceptional sitting had, at great general inconvenience, been specially held. If you will not take the trouble properly to stop the holes, there is little use in scolding the foxes for getting away.

It is, of course, patent that the Conservatives are not zealous to make way for the Franchise Bill. Nobody expects that they should be so. They believe that, if a general election could be forced at this moment, it would shatter or destroy the present majority. The cooler among them doubt whether at the best the Conservatives could muster a strong majority of their own, and are not keen to take upon their shoulders the formidable and vexatious tasks that must for some time to come weigh heavily on any British Government. These provident counsels do not prevail: in the heats of party warfare provident counsels prevail seldom. The tactics of the Opposition in rallying to a peace motion proposed by Radicals on the other side were described in a pungent phrase by the Home Secretary, which was instantly adopted with passion by Ministerialists in the House of Commons, and has been eagerly caught up by their supporters outside. Such tactics have been generally condemned by that moderate and neutral opinion which does duty with not a few for principle and conviction, and is so powerful a factor in

all political emergencies. On the other hand, the leaders of the Opposition contend that the motion which was brought forward by the Radicals below the gangway was in effect the same motion as they desired to propose themselves, if the Prime Minister had not refused to find them an opportunity. They argue that there is no reason why the devil should have all the good tunes to himself, or why Radicals should claim a monopoly of sensible motions.

Once more, it is the troubles of the time that make the true obstruction. Take the questions put to Ministers last Thursday. There were sixty-seven upon the paper, and upwards of seventy were actually asked. Of these twenty-one referred to Ireland:—under what circumstances a young man met his death in an hotel at Donegal; whether subjects for dissection are supplied to the Queen's College at Cork from the Cork Lunatic Asylum; why an Orangeman who tried to shoot a sentry at Omagh was let out on bail while a Nationalist who fired at a soldier not on duty at Mullingar got penal servitude for life; whether the Government can give information with respect to acts of disorder and outrage in the village of Windgap, Rossenany, in the County Kilkenny; and so forth, and so forth. India came in for eight questions, ranging from the Bengal Tenancy Bill to the expenditure of 40,000 rupees on silk hangings for Government House at Ootacamund. Had the attention of the Government been called to the complaint made in the petition presented by the natives of Chingleput, Madras, last month, to Lord Ripon, that Government levy duty of two rupees, or thirty-two annas, on three annas' worth of salt? and does not this taxation exist now throughout India, though in many parts the cost of carriage equals the cost of salt and duty? What had the Under Secretary of State for India to say about the appearance of official advertisements in the Madras papers offering for public auction the right of

making and vending intoxicating drink in the districts of Tanjore, Tinnevely, and North Arcot? What had he to say about a recent sentence of public flogging inflicted upon certain students of a high school at Dacca, on the charge of being concerned in a brawl or disturbance with the police? and did not these youths belong to some of the most respectable families of Dacca and the neighbourhood? And about an address from the people of North Arcot, containing a population of nearly two millions, declaring that the salt tax is so heavy and prohibitive that people cannot obtain salt for their own requirements, and that their cattle are ravaged with various diseases owing to the want of this indispensable article of life? Would the Under Secretary tell the House all about the circumstances of the death of the Rajah of Kolapore in a struggle with a European ex-soldier named Green? and about the circumstances of the assault by an officer of the King's Dragoon Guards at Meerut upon a distinguished Bengalee pleader of the High Court, practising at the Meerut bar?

It is true that some of these questions were put by a single Irish member; but we do not know on what principle his right to put them can, on existing maxims, be denied. We may be very sure that, in any case, the right will be exercised; and we shall do well to mark that the most important and significant of all the questions—that on the salt duty—was placed upon the paper by Mr. Burt, the honoured representative of what is best and most characteristic in the sentiment of the English workmen. The moral of this is that the interest taken in India will be sure to increase and not to decrease; that the result of that increased interest will be an increased pressure on the time of Parliament, and a growing and even more mischievous tendency towards the supreme folly of directing the details of Indian administration from Downing

Street in accordance with a public opinion that is trustworthy enough in impulse and leading instinct, and perfectly fit to guide where the people know the ground, but obviously unfit where all the conditions of the problem are so entirely remote from any that are within the range of their own knowledge or experience.

This it is,—the multiplication and diversity of affairs,—that is squandering the time and straining the powers of the House of Commons. Members will insist on travelling over the whole field of empire. Vanity, sense of duty, officiousness, petulance, honest interest,—a hundred motives good and bad, will prompt them to incessant occupation of Parliamentary time. That, as we shall have only too surely to observe in the years before us, is one among many reasons why wise statesmen with an interest in domestic legislation and improvements at home should avoid an adventurous policy abroad, and should with all their might resist the first approaches to such a policy. It is the Soudan war that is the true obstruction. Nor need we at all deplore that it should be so. The old ordinance that one who proposed a new law should come before the assembly with a halter round his neck, is no bad example for dealing with a Minister who is drawn to commit his country to distant expeditions and new responsibilities. We do not say that war and fresh engagements can always be avoided. But at least let those who enter upon them have fully in their minds at the moment that the addition of new tasks is a fatal subtraction from the time and chance of lightening the old.

Those who are disquieted by the entanglements in which our own country is involved with one inferior race will find little comfort in seeing France achieving the same disastrous successes over another in the Far East. Men with an eye for difficulties ahead may find as many in France, as the same

description of men, if such there be, in England. M. Charles de Mazade is an experienced observer, and this is how the state of his country figures itself to him :—

"It is not at any rate either serious questions or black specks that are now wanting to our country. Even were we bound to consider as a last piece of good fortune the successes that could not fail our little army of Tonkin, which has just effected its victorious entry into Bac-ninh, such successes are assuredly not without alloy, since they are far from being the close of an enterprise that was begun rather by chance than design. Apart from the satisfaction of seeing brave soldiers hold the flag high, difficulties are becoming in truth numerous enough and pressing enough to create one of those situations in which the most confident minds cannot look for the morrow without fear and without hesitation. Difficulties are on every side. They are not only in the diplomatic isolation in which France stands, they are still more visible perhaps in our internal affairs. They are in our finances, exhausted by a system of improvident expenditure. They are in the strikes which set in motion an excited populace, led astray by declaimers who are the miserable and mischievous expression of a profound crisis in our industry. They are in the discussion on the Municipal Bill and those Educational Bills, which embroil and confuse everything, which show even the Senate contradicting itself from day to day, voting the publicity of the sittings of communal councils after having rejected it, and turning little local assemblies into little parliaments. Difficulties are to be seen in [almost everything that is done. . . . If our affairs

March 24.

seem so grave, so compromising, it is exactly because we feel that they escape all direction, that they are given up to chance, to Ministries that have only intermittent fits of resolution."

It is, of course, well not to forget that these complaints are in truth an indirect fashion of disparaging the Republic. The literary class in France—seldom, by the way, more meagre in illustrious names than now, save the veteran Victor Hugo and, *longo intervallo*, M. Renan—is plunged at present into a condition of political scepticism that makes it as unfriendly to the Republic as the great men of the past generation were its enthusiastic votaries. In politics, as in so much besides, sanguine illusions fade with possession. In England, too, a cloud has come over the political hopes, the anticipations, the ideals that were bright in men's minds four years ago. It may be that the ideals were a dream, at variance with the hard conditions of actual affairs, motives, interests, and principles; or it may be that time has more to do with the business than, with our brief and transitory lives, so disproportionate to the largeness of political aim and social imagination, we are willing to suppose. The very qualities that endow men with the faculty of taking general views and passing beyond temporary incidents, are what lead them to antedate results. Like Joseph II., they are apt to take the second step before they have taken the first, and, according to the Russian saying, they want to have Friday before Thursday. But though too long a sight has its perils for the practical objects of the hour, still less can we deny the perils or escape the mischiefs of short-sightedness, however convenient and however complacent.

END OF VOLUME XLIX.

LONDON: E. CLAY, SONS, AND TAYLOR, BREAD STREET HILL.

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